

*Jane Rolfe*  
THE  
MONARCHICK  
TRAGEDIES.  
*Jane Rolfe*

By *William Alexander*  
of *Menstrie*.



Printed at London by V.S.  
*for Edward Blount.*

1604.







# TO HIS SACRED Maiestie.



*If daine not ( mightie Prince ) these humble lines,  
Though too meane Musicke for so Noble eares.  
Thou glorious patterne of all good ingines,  
Whose sacred brow a two-fold Lawrell beares,  
To whom Apollo his owne harpe resignes,  
And euerlasting Trophees vertue reares:  
Thou canst afford that which my soule affects,  
Let thy perfections shaddow my defects.*

*Although my wit be weake, my vowes are strong,  
Which consecrate deuoutly to thy name  
My Muses labours, that ere it be long  
May cast some feathers to enpenne thy Fame:  
Wherewith emboldned, in a sweeter Song,  
And in more stately Lines I may proclaime  
Thy prayses, and inestimable worth,  
Through all great Britanes coastes from South to North.*

*No doubt our warlike Calidonian coast  
(Still kept unconque'rd by the heau'ns decree)  
Expell'd the Pictes, repell'd the Danes, did hoast  
In spite of all the Romane legions free,  
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost  
In this Herculean Birth) to bring forth thee.  
Whom many a famous Sceptred Parent brings  
From an vndaunted Race to do great things.*

*A iii.*

*of*

To his sacred Maiestie.

Of this diuided Ile the nurslings braue  
Earst could not from intestine warres desist,  
Yet did in forraine feelds their names ingraue,  
Whilst whom th' one spoild, still th' other would asist :  
Those now made one, whilst such a head they haue,  
What world of worlds were able to resist ?

Thus hath thy worth (great Iames) conioyn'd them now,  
Whom many a bloudie battell could not bow.

And so most iustlic thy renowned deedes  
Do raise thy fame aboue the starrie round,  
Which in the world a glad amazement breedes  
To see thy vertues as thy merit croud,  
Whilst thou (great Monarck) that in powre exceeds,  
With a good conscience doth thy greatnes bound,  
Where if thou likt to be more great then good,  
Thou might soone build a Monarchie with blood.

For this faire world without the world, no doubt  
Which Neptune stronglie guards with liquid bands,  
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,  
She by her selfe as most maiestick stands,  
Thence (the worlds mistresse) to giue iudgement out,  
With full authoritie for other lands,  
Which on the seas would gaze attending still,  
By wind-wingd messengers their Soueraignes will.

Th' Antartick regions did all realmes surpasse,  
And were the first that reach'd great armies forth,  
Yet Soueraigntie that there first founded was,  
Still by degrees hath drawne vnto the North  
To this great Climate that it could not passe,  
The fatall period bounding all true worth :  
For it can not from hence a passage finde,  
Within our circle-mouing floods confind.



## To his sacred Maiestie.

*As waters that a masse of earth restraines,  
If they be swelling high begin to vent,  
Do rage disdainfullie ouer all the plaines,  
As scorning in strict limits to be pent :  
Euen so this masse of earth that thus remaines,  
Wall'd in with liquid waues, if too high bent  
That it be forc'd to overflow the floods, ô then  
T'will wrack the world with a deluge of men.*

*Then since (great Prince) the torrent of thy powre  
May drowne whole nations in a scarlet flood,  
On th'infidels thine indignation powre,  
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian blood :  
The tirant Ottoman (that would deuoure  
All the redeemed soules) may be withstood,  
While as thy troupes (great Albions Emperour) once  
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock that moanes.*

*Thy thund'ring troupes may take the stately rounds,  
Of Constantines great towne renoum'd in vaine,  
And barre the barb'rous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,  
Reconquering Godfreys conquests once againe.  
O well spent labours ! ô illustrious wounds !  
Whose triumph shall eternall glorie gaine,  
And make the Lion to be feard far more,  
Then euer was the Eagle of befoire.*

*But ô thrise happie thou that of thy throne,  
Th'vnbounded powre for such an vse controules,  
Which if some might command, to raigne alone  
Of all their life they would be-blood the scroules,  
And to content th'ambition but of one,  
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand soules,  
Which thou doost spare, though hauing sprite and might  
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.*

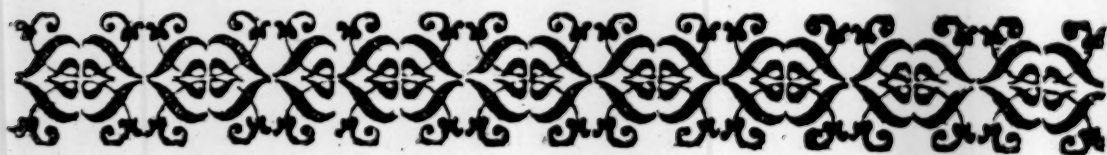
There



To his sacred Maiestie.

*Then vnto whom more iustly could I giue  
The ruinde Monarchies of those great States,  
That did the world of libertie deprive,  
To reare tyrannick and euil-conquerd Seates;  
Then vnto thee, that may, and will not liue  
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormie Fates:  
But whilst, franke-sprited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,  
Crownes come vnsought, and Scepters seeke to thee.*

*Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send  
Those runnels rising from a rash attempt,  
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,  
Which is from all necessitie exempt.  
The gods small gifts of Zealous minds commend,  
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt,  
So Sir, I offer at your Vertues Shrine,  
This little incense, or this smoake of mine.*





*To the Author of the Monarchicke  
Tragedies.*



Ell may the programme of thy Tragick stage  
 Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eies,  
 To gaze on present shewes of passed age,  
 Which iust desert Monarchick dare baptize.  
 Crownes throwne from Thrones to tombes, detomb'd arise  
 To match thy Muse with a Monarchick theame;  
 That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skies,  
 A vulgar subiect may not wrong the fame:  
 And which giues most aduantage to thy fame;  
 The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,  
 Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,  
 And daignes Protector of thy birth to be:  
 Thus all Monarchick, Patron, subiect, stile,  
 Make thee, the Monarch-tragick of this Ile.

*Robert Ayton.*







## The Argument.



*At that time when the states of Greece began to growe great, and Philosophie to be thought pretious, Solon the first light of the Athenian common-wealth like a provident Bee gathering honnie over many fields, learning knowledge over many countries, was sent for by Croesus King of Lidia as famous for his Wealth, as the other was for his Wisedome. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to have the report of his (as he thought it) happines approoved by the testimonie of so renowned a witnesse. But Solon alwayes like himselfe entering the regall Pallace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparelled, but very incommodiousslie furnished with Courtiers, more curious to have their bodies deckt with a womanishlie affected forme of rayment, and some superficiall complements of pretended curtesies, then to have their minds enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdain. Therefore after some conference had with Croesus concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by Aesop (Authour of the wittie fables) who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.*

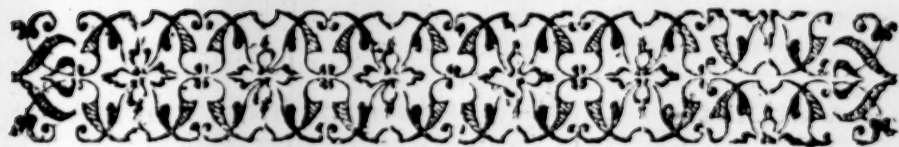
*Immediately after the departure of Solon, Croesus having two Sonnes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a braue youth) dreamed that the yongest dyed by the wound of a dart, wherewith being marvellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named Cælia, and for farther disapointing the suspected, though inevitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion from the heauens of accomplishing that which they had designed. The spiritfull youth being long restrained from the fields, was invited by some countrie-men to the chace of a wild Boare, yet could very hardlie impetrate leaue of his louinglie suspitious father.*

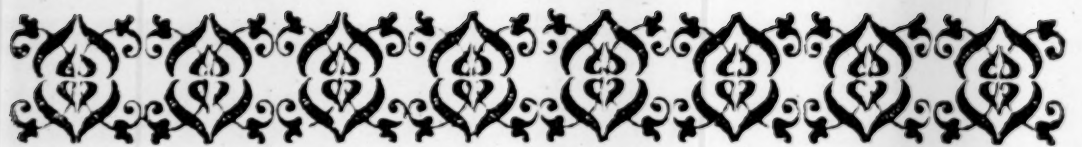
*Now in the meane time there arriued at Sardis a youth named Adramus, Sonne to the King of Phrigia, one no lesse infortunate then valourous,*



## The Argument.

he having lost his mistresse by a great disaster, and having kild his brother by a farre greater, came to Croesus, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancie of the King, and the instigation of others against his owne will, who feared the frowardnes of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of Atis (so was the Prince called) whom in time of the sport thinking to kill the Boare, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing aboue the dead corps after the inquirie of the truth being pardoned by Croesus, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, Croesus sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by Sandanis, who laboured to dissuade him from his unnecessary iourney against the Persians, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreted responses of deceauing oracles, went against Cyrus, who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaiming diuers times on the name of Solon, mouing the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his Kingdome, makes the Catastrophe of this present Tragedie.



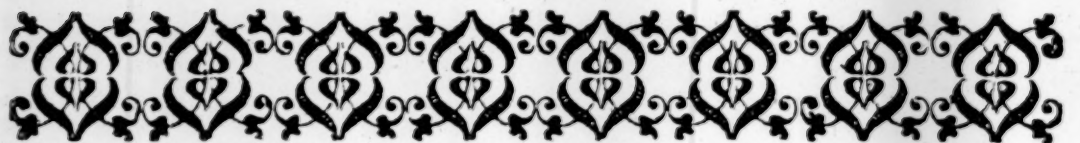


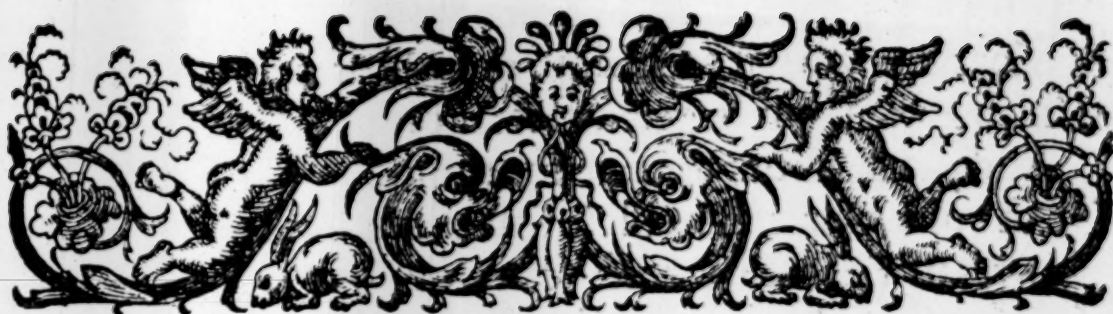
## The Scene in Sardis

### Actors.

*Cræsus* King of *Lydia*.  
*Atis* his sonne.  
*Celia* wife to *Atis*.  
*Adrastus*.  
*Sandanis* a Counsellour.

} *Solon*.  
} *Æsop*.  
} *Cyrus* king of *Persia*.  
} *Harpagus* Lieutenant to *Cyrus*.  
} Chorus of some Country-men.  
} Chorus of all the *Lydians*.





THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Cræsus.

Act. I.

SOLON.

**H**oe how the trustlesse world the worldlings tosses,  
And leades her louers headlong vnto death,  
Those that doe court her most haue maniest crosses,  
And yet vaine man, this halfe-spent sparke of breath,  
This dying substance, and this liuing shadow,  
The sport of Fortune, and the spoyle of Time,  
Who like the glory of a halfe-mow'd meadow  
Doth flourish now, and strait falles in his prime,  
Still toyles t'attaine (such is his foolish nature)  
A constant good in this inconstant ill:  
Vnreasonable reasonable creature  
That makes his reason subiect to his will.

Whilst in the Stage of Contemplation plac'd  
Of worldly humours I behold the strife,  
Though different sprites haue diuers partes imbrac'd,  
All act this transitorie Scene of Life:  
Of curious ~~minde~~s who can the fancies fetter,

B

The



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Soule vnsatisfide, a prey t'each snare,  
Still loathing what it hath, doth dreame of better,  
Which gotten, but begets a greater care.

And yet all labour for t'attaine the top  
Of th'vnfure foueraigne blisse that they surmise,  
Flowres of Felicitie, that few can crop,  
Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise.

Some place their happinesse (vnhappie beasts,  
And I must say, more sencelesse then their treasures)  
In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,  
To pamper breath-toss'd flesh with flying pleasures.

Some more austere with a wrinckled brow  
That triumph o're their Passions with respectes,  
With neither fortune moon'd to brag or bow,  
Would make the world enamour'd of their sectes.

Some rauish'd still with vertues purest springs,  
Feede on th'*Idia* of that diuine brood,  
And search the secrets of celestially things  
As most vndoubted heires of that high good.

Thus with conceited ease and certaine paine,  
All seeke by seuerall wayes a perfect blisse:  
Which, O what wonder, if they not obtaine,  
Who cannot well discern what thing it is!

What happinesse can be imagin'd here?  
Though we our hopes with vaine surmises cherish,  
Who hardly conquer first what wee hold deare,  
Then feare to loose it still that once must perish.

Thinke (though of many thousands scarcely any  
Can at this poynt of Happinesse arriue)  
Yet if it chance, it chanceth not to many,  
Onely to get for what a world did strive.

And though one swim in th'Ocean of delights,  
Haue none about him, and his equals rare,  
Eares ioying pleasant sounds; eyes stately sights;

His

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

His treasures infinite; his buildings faire.

Yet doth the world on Fortunes wheele relye,  
Which loue's t'aduanche the wretched, wracke the great,  
Whose course resembles an inconstant eye,  
Euer in motion compassing deceit.

Then let the greedie of his substance boast,  
Whilst th'excrements of th'earth his senses smother,  
What hath he gayn'd, but what another lost?  
And why may not his losse enrich another?

But ah! all loose, who seeke to profite thus,  
And found their confidence on things that fade,  
We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from vs,  
Al's grieu'd for th'one, as for the other glad.

Vaine foole, that thinkes soliditie to finde  
In this fraile world, where for a while we range,  
Which like sea-waues, depending on the winde,  
Ebbes, flows, calms, stormis, still moouing, still in change.

Each surge, we see, doth driue the first away,  
The some is whitest, where the Rocke is neare,  
And as one growes, another doth decay,  
The greatest dangers oft do least appeare.

Their seeming blisse that trust in frothie shewes,  
In Fortunes danger, burthen'd with the Fates,  
First to a full, then to confusion growes,  
A secret Destinie doth guide great States.

But I scorne Fortune, and was euer free  
From that dead wealth that wauers in her power,  
I beare my treasure still about with mee,  
Which neither Time nor Tyrants can deuour.

Light authour of euent, and vaine aduenter,  
Now do thy worst, I know how to vndoe thee,  
The way is stop't by which thy poison enters,  
Thou can harne none but them that trust vnto thee.

And I haue learn'd to moderate my minde,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Contentment is the crowne of my desires:  
My clothes are course, my fare such as I finde,  
He hath enough that to no more aspires.

What satisfaction doth ouer-flow my soule,  
While as I weigh the world which few hold fast,  
And in my memories vnblotted scroule,  
Iudge of the present by the time that's past?

The poore-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake,  
And come of dust, yet of the drosse still thinkes,  
Whilst baser passions doe his vertues choake,  
The soule ouer-ballanc'd with the body sinkes.

Yet neede I not to loathe the world and liue,  
As one whom stepdame she would never nourish,  
I had a part of all that she could giue,  
My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish.

And if that I would vaunt of mine owne deedes,  
Fairst Cittie, where mine eies first suckt the light,  
I challenge might what most thy glory breeds  
Whose labours both enlarg'd thy fame and might.

When *Salamina* vtterly was lost,  
And by the rascall multitude neglected,  
A counterfeited foole, I went and crost  
All their desseignes, whose courses were suspected.

And when I had by pollicie perswaded  
My country to embrace the warres againe,  
I both by stratagems and strength inuaded  
That famous Ile which vanquisht did remaine.

Then hauing compass'd that exployt with speede,  
And turn'd in triumph deckt with strangers spoyles,  
No perfect blisse belowe worse did succede,  
The peace that was abroad bred ciuill broyles.

What with more violence doth fury leade,  
Then a rash multitude that wants a head?  
The meaner sort could not their minds conforme,

T'abide



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

T'abide at what their betters did commaund:  
Then the weale-publike in a dangerous storme,  
All ioyn'd to place the ruther in my hand.

I re-vnited that diuided state,  
And manag'd matters with a good successe,  
Which farther kindled had beene quench'd too late,  
That *Hidra*-headed tumult to suppress.

When I had both these glorious workes effected,  
And trod the path of sou'raignty a space,  
The minion of the people most respected,  
None could be great saue such as I would grace.

Thus carried with the force of Fortunes streame,  
I absolutely acted what I would,  
For the *Democratie* was but a name,  
My hand the raines did of the Citty hold.

I might a Tyrant still haue gouern'd so  
But my pure soule could no such thought conceiue,  
And that ouersight yet made me neuer woe,  
If I may rule my selfe it's all I craue.

Yet some that seem'd to be more subtile-witted,  
Saide my base sprite could not aspire t'a crowne,  
And foolish *Solon* had a fault committed,  
Who would not doe the like in euery towne.

My minde in this a more contentment findes,  
Then if a Diademe adorn'd my brow,  
I chain'd th'affections of vndaunted mindes,  
And made them ciuil that were wilde till now.

I hardly could rich Citizens entise,  
T'embrace the statutes that my Lawes contain'd,  
What one approou'd another did despise,  
Some lou'd, some loath'd, eu'n as they thought they gain'd.

At last at least in shew, all rest content,  
Eu'n those that hate me most lend their applause,  
A worthy minde needes neuer to repent

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I haue suffered crosses for an honest cause.

I trauell now with a contented thought,  
The memorie of this my fancie feedes,  
When all their Empires shall be turn'd to nought,  
Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deedes.

Where seuen-mouth'd *Nil* from a concealed source  
Inunding o're the fieldes, no bankes can binde,  
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse,  
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.

And if it were but this, yet this delites,  
Behold, how *Cræsus* here the *Lidian* King,  
To be his guest vs earnestly inuites,  
The which to some would great contentment bring.

But I disdain that world-bewitched man,  
Who makes his gold his God, the earth his heauen,  
Yet I will try by all the meanes I can  
To make his iudgement with his fortune euen.

---

C H O R U S.

*What can confine mans wandring thought,  
Or satisfie his fancies all?  
Is ought so great, but it seemes small  
To that tos'd spirit, which still afflought  
Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought,  
And would gripe more then it can hold:  
This sea-iron'd centerd ball  
Is not a bound vnto that minde,  
That minde, which big with monsters,  
The right deliuerie neuer consters,  
And seeking here a solide ease to finde,  
Would but melt mountaines and imbrace the winde.*

*What*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

What wonder, though the soule of man,  
 A sparke of heav'n, that shines below,  
 Doth labour by all meanes it can,  
 It selfe like to it selfe to show,  
 This heav'nly essence, heauen would know,  
 But married with this masse we see,  
 With payne they spend lines little span,  
 The better part would be above,  
 The earth from th'earth cannot remoue,  
 How can two contrair's well agree?  
 Thus as the best or worst part doth preuaile,  
 Man is of much, or els of no availe.

O from what source can this proceede,  
 I haue humours of so many kindes,  
 Each brayne doth diuers fancies breede,  
 Al's many men, al's many mindes,  
 And in the world, a man scarce findes  
 Another of his humour right,  
 There are not two so like indeede,  
 If we remarke their severall graces  
 And lineaments of both their faces,  
 That can abide the prooffe of sight:  
 If the outward formes then differ as they do,  
 Of force th'affections must be different to.

Ah! Passions spoile our better part,  
 The Soule is vexed with their dissensions;  
 We make a God of our owne hart,  
 And worship all our wayne inuentions.  
 This brain-bred miste of apprehensions,  
 The mind doth with confusion fill,  
 Whilst reason in exile doth smart;  
 And few are free from this infection,




*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*For all are slaues to some affection,  
Which doth extorse the senses still.  
These partiall tyrants rage the sight ouersyles,  
And doth ecclipse the cleercst iudgement whyles.*

*A thousand times ô happie he,  
Who doth his passions so subdew,  
That he may with cleere reasons eye,  
Their imperfections fountaines view,  
And as it were himselfe renew.  
If that one might prescribe them lawes,  
And set his soule from bondage free,  
From reason neuer for to siverue,  
And make his passions him to serue,  
And be but moon'd as he had cause:  
O greater were that monarch of the minde,  
Then if he might commaund from Thule to Inde.*

*Act. II. Scen. I.*

*CROESVS. ÆSOPH. SOLON.*

*Cræ.*  *Ho euer was so fauour'd by the Fates,  
As could like vs of full contentment boast,  
Lou'd of mine owne, and feard of forraine  
I know not what it is for to be crost. (states,  
No thwarting chance my good hap doth importune,  
In all attempts my successe hath been such,  
The darling of heauen, the minion of fortune,  
I wot not what to wish I haue so much.  
Mine eyes did neuer yet dismay my hart  
With no delightlesse object that they saw,  
My name applauded is in euery part*

*My*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My word an Oracle, my will a Law.

My breast cannot containe this flood of ioyes  
That with a mighty streame o'reflowes my mind,  
Which neuer dream'd of sorrow or annoyes,  
But did in all a satisfaction find.

My Soule then be content and take thy pleasure,  
And be not vex't with feare of any ill,  
My blisse abounds, I cannot count my treasure,  
And gold that conquers all, doth what I will.

*Æsop.* That Gracian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,  
Whose wisdom, Fame so prodigally prayse's.

*Cræs.* And haue you not t'extend my greatnes striu'd,  
And entertain'd his cares with courteous phrales.

*Æsop.* I thinke in all the parts where he hath been,  
In forraine Countries or his natiue home,  
He neuer hath such stately wonders seen,  
As since vnto this princely Court he come.

When first he in the regall Pallace entred,  
As one, who borne amongst the craggie Mountaines,  
That neuer for to view the plaines aduentred,  
Acquainted but with dew and little Fountaines:

If he be forc'd for to frequent the Vailes,  
And there the wanton water-Nymphs to see,  
The rarenes of the sight so far preuailes,  
Each strip appear's a flood, each flood a Sea.

So all that he re'ncountred by the way,  
Did to his mind a great amazement bring,  
The gold-embroidred Gallants made him stay,  
Each groome appear'd a Prince, each squire a King.

And now he com's t'attaine your Graces sight,  
Whom in his mind, no doubt he doth adore,  
He gazd on those, who held of you their light,  
Of force he must admire your selfe far more.

Now he will set your happy Empire forth,

C

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And be eye-witnes of your glorious Raigne,  
One wise mans testimony is more worth  
Then what a world of others would maintaine.

*Sol.* Disdaine not (mighty Prince) the louing zeale,  
Which a meane man, yet a good mind affords,  
And who perchance as much affects your weale,  
As those that paint their loue with fairer words.

*Cræs.* Thy loue (sage Greeke) is gratefull vnto vs,  
Whom Fame long since enamour'd of thy deedes,  
We of thy vertues haue heard her discusse,  
Who in extolling of the same exceeds.

I wish that many such should here resort,  
Whose vnstain'd life would teach vs what were best;  
Whose graue aspect would grace so great a Court,  
And like cleare Lamps giue light vnto the rest.

*Sol.* My Sou'raigne, spare, I merite no such praise;  
I am but one that doth the world despise,  
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,  
A Wisedom-louer that would faine be wise.

Yet with great toyle all that I can attaine  
By long experience, and in learned schooles,  
Is for to know my knowledge is but vaine,  
And those that think them wise, are greatest fooles.

*Cræs.* This is the nature of a worthie minde,  
It rather would be good then be so thought,  
As if it had no ayme but Fame to finde,  
Such as the shadow not the substance sought.

Yet that pursues thee too which thou so fliest,  
Still troupes applaude thy worth though thou not spie them,  
Whilst thou wouldst presse it downe, it mounts vp hiest;  
For Fame and Honor follow those that flie them.

And now I thinke in all the world none liue's,  
That better may vnfold what I would learne,  
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

The grace to see, the iudgement to discern.

*Sol.* Il'e answer freely to what you propose,  
If my small skill can comprehend the sence.

*Cræs.* Loe, you haue seene in what I most repose  
My treasures huge, my great magnificence.

*Sol.* This is the dreame of blisse that Fortune brings,  
On which the wisest neuer haue presum'd  
I saw nought but a heape of sencelesse things,  
A momentarie treasure soone consum'd.

This only serues the body to decore,  
And for corruption fram'd cannot perseuer:  
The minde immortall layes vp better store  
Of vnconsuming ioyes that last for euer.

*Cræs.* I wot not what you meane by such surmises,  
And faind *Ideaes* of imagin'd blisse,  
This portrait of Fancie but intices  
Sicke braines to dreame that which indeede they misse.

But I brooke more than their conceits can shew,  
Whose rich coniectures breede but poore effects:  
And I beseeke you, did you euer know  
A man more blest then I in all respects?

*Sol.* Yes, I knew *Tellus* an *Athenian* borne,  
Whom I holde happy in the first degree:  
Who eu'n the haruest of Happinesse hath shorne,  
He liu'd with fame, and did with honour die.

For hauing long time liu'd, lou'd and respected,  
His country in a conflict had the worst:  
He come, and there false courage re-erected,  
And hauing wonne the field did die vnforst.

More happy now nor when he was aliue;  
He dead, doth reape the guerdon of his merite,  
And in his children doth againe reuiue,  
Who all their fathers worthy partes inherite.

*Cræs.* Well, since that to a priuate Cittizen

*The Tragedie of Crasus.*

You do ascribe the first most blest estate.  
Now in the second ranke of happy men  
Whom would you number in your owne conceate?

*Sol.* *ô Cleobis and Biton* ! now I may  
No doubt prefer you next, without reproach,  
Their mother chanc'd on a festiuall day  
To want two horses, for to draw her coach.

Them to supply the place, Loue kindly raised,  
Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,  
And both of them exceedingly were praised,  
They for their pietie, she for her birth.

This charitable office being ended,  
Both in the Church were found dead the next morrow,  
I thinke the gods who this good worke commended,  
Were loth to let them taste of farther sorrow.

For why? our liues are fraile, do what we can,  
And like the brittle glasse, are but a glance,  
And oft the heauens t'abate the height of man,  
Do enterfour our sweets with some sad chance.

*Cras.* Then from this Cathagorie am I secluded,  
And is my state so vile vnto thine eies,  
That as one of all happines denuded,  
Thou thus do'st my felicitie despise?

Or think'st thou me of iudgement too remisse,  
A miser that in miserie remains,  
The bastard child of Fortune, barr'd from blisse,  
Whom heauens do hate, and all the world disdaines?

Are base companions then to be compar'd  
With one that may consume such in his wrath?  
Who, as I please, do punish and reward,  
Whose words, nay, euen whose looks yeeld life or death.

*Sol.* Sir, be not thus commoo'd without all reason,  
Nor misconceiue my meaning as you do,  
Those that speake freely, haue no mind of treason,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I cannot be your friend and flatter to.

Vnto vs Græcians ( Sir ) the gods haue granted  
A moderate measure of a humble wit,  
And in our Countrie there haue neuer wanted  
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.

And yet amongst vs all, the greatest number  
Haue here dispair'd of any perfect rest,  
Though some a while in Fortunes bosome slumber,  
And to world-blinded eyes seeme to be blest.

Yet ouer all mortall states, change so preuailes,  
We alterations daily do attend,  
And hold this for a ground that neuer failes,  
None should triumph in blisse before the end.

I may compare our state to table-playes,  
Where by dumbe iudges matters are decided,  
Their many doubts, the earnest mind dismayes,  
The dice must first cast well, then be well guided.

So all our dayes in doubt what thing may chance vs,  
Time runnes away, the breath of man doth chace it,  
And when th'occasion come's for to aduance vs,  
Amongst a thousand one can scarce embrace it.

When two by generous indignation mooued,  
Would trie by sword, whose glorie fame will smother,  
Whilst valour blindly by th'euent is prooued,  
And th'ones ouerthrow can onely grace the other.

O what a foole his iudgement will commit  
To crowne the one with vnderferu'd applauses,  
Where fortune is for to giue sentence yet,  
While bloody agents pleade such doubtfull causes.

This world, it is the field, where each man ventures,  
And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes,  
To fight against a thousand misadventures,  
Both with externall and internall foes.

And how can he the victors title gaine,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

That yet is busied with a doubtfull fight,  
Or he be happie that doth still remaine  
In Fortunes danger for a small delight.

Th'abortiue course of man away fast weares,  
Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,  
Day that giue's place to night, night full of feares,  
Thus all things alter, still all things decay.

Who flourish now in peace, may fall in strife,  
And haue their fame with infamie supprest;  
The euening shew's the day, the death the life;  
And many are fortunate, but few are blest.

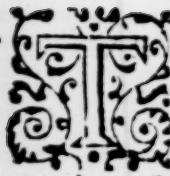
*Cræs.* I see this Grecian of a simple spirite,  
The which is capable of no great things,  
Men but aduance him far aboue his merite,  
He can not comprehend the States of Kings.

Fame did so largely of his worth report,  
It made me long to haue him in my house,  
But all my expectations are come short,  
I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a mouse.

*Exit Cræsus.*

*Act. II. Scen. II.*

SOLON. ÆSOPÉ.

*Sol.*  His king hath put his trust in trustlesse treasures,  
Cloi'd with th'abundance of all worldly blisse,  
And like a hooded hawk gorg'd with vaine plea-  
At randon flies, and wots not where he is. (sures

O how this makes me wonderfully sorie,  
To see him keepe this lifelesse wealth so straitly,  
Whilst witlesse worldlings wonder at his glorie,  
Which I not enuie, no, but pittie greatly!

Thus wormes of th'earth, whose worst part doth preuaile,  
Loue melting things, whose shew the body fits,  
Where Soules of cleerer sight do neuer faile

To

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

To thesauryze the gifts of gallant wits.

Those worldly things do in this world decay,  
Or at the least we leaue them with our breath,  
Whereas the other makes vs liue for ay,  
So differ they as farre as life and death.

*Æsop.* And yet what wonder though that he be thus,  
Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous windes,  
Though this indeed seeme somewhat strange to vs,  
Who haue with learning purifide our mindes.

Was he not borne heire of a mighty State?  
And vsde with Fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,  
Doth measure all things by his owne conceate,  
Th'infirmities that fatall is to Crownes:

He hath been from his infancy addicted  
To all the pompous shewes wealth could deuise,  
And still entreated, neuer contradicted,  
Now doth all libertie of speech despise.

Though I durst not so to his sight appeare,  
Whose corrupt iudgement was from reason sweruing,  
I grieu'd to see your entertainment here  
So far inferior to your owne deseruing.

That diuine Wisdom which the world admires,  
And rauish'd with delight amazed heares,  
Because it answer'd not his vaine desires,  
Did seeme vsfauorie to distemper'd eares:

Eares that are euer stopt to all discourses  
Saue such as enter fraughted with his praises,  
He can loue none but them that loue his courses,  
And thinks all fooles that vse not flattring phrases.

This wracks the great, and makes the heauens despight  
Let vertue spread forth all her heavenly powers, (them;  
If not in their owne liuery to delight them,  
They will not daigne her audience a few howers.

*Sol.* I care not *Æsop* how the King conceated

Of

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Of my frankè speeches, which I euer vse,  
I came not here, till I was first entreated,  
Nor being come, will I my name abuse:  
Should I his poysonous Sycophants resemble,  
A hatefull thing to honest men that know it,  
I would not for his Diadem dessemble,  
What the hart thinks, the tongue was made to show it.

And what if his vaine humor to haue cherish'd,  
I had my speeches for the purpose painted,  
I had but gotten gifts that would haue perish'd,  
But nothing could haue cleer'd my fame once tainted.

If I had show'n my selfe toward him officious,  
It would in end haue but procur'd my shame:  
To haue our vertue prais'd by one that's vicious,  
This in effect is but a secret blame.

He thinks him simple, who his anger raises,  
But better simply good, then doubly ill;  
I neuer value my worth by others praises,  
Nor by opinions do direct my will.

And it content's me more to be applauded  
By one of iudgement (though of meane degree)  
Then by a Prince of princely parts defrauded,  
Who hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee.

*Æsop.* Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.

*Sol.* Who come to Court, should truth to Kings report.

*Æsop.* A wise man at their imperfections winks.

*Sol.* An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

*Æsop.* So should you loose your selfe, and them not win.

*Sol.* But I would beare no burden of their sin.

*Æsop.* By this you should their indignation finde.

*Sol.* Yet haue the warrant of a worthy minde.

*Æsop.* It would be long, ere you were thus prefer'd.

*Sol.* Then it should be the King not I that er'd.

*Æsop.* They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

*Sol.*



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Æsop.* They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

*Sol.* Yet when I merite well, I care the lesse.

*Æsop.* It's good to be still by the Prince approued.

*Sol.* It's better to be vpright, though not loued.

*Æsop.* But by this meane, all hope of Honor failes.

*Sol.* Yet honestie in end euer preuailes.

*Æsop.* I thinke they should excell as oft they do

All men in wit, that vnto men giue lawes:

Kings are the Center of the Kingdome, to

The which each weightie thing by nature drawes:

For as the mightie Riuers, little streames,

And all the liquid powers that rise or fall,

Do seeke in sundry parts by seuerall seames

To the maine Ocean that receiue's them all.

Who as he were but steward of those waters

Returne's them backe by many secret vaines,

And as the earth hath need of moisture, scatters

His humid treasures to refresh the plaines.

So are Kings breasts the depth where daily flowes

Cleere streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,

And thus continually their wisdom growes

By many helps that others want enlarg'd.

For those that haue intelligence ouer all,

Do commonly communicate to Kings

All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall,

Their greatnes to them this aduantage brings.

They being iealous find out many drifts,

And by a long experience learne to scance them,

Then those whom Arte or Nature lend's great gifts,

All come to Kings as who may best aduance them.

No doubt, those Powres who put them in their places

To make their qualities with their charge euen,

Do dote them with some supernaturall graces,

Vice-gods on th'earth, great Lieutenants of heauen.

D

*Sol.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Sol.* As you haue showne, Kings haue a good occasion  
Whereby t'attaine vnto the height of wit.  
Which whoso do imbrace by good perswasion,  
Are surely worthy on a Throne to sit.

But ah! those Riuers are not euer pure  
The which through tainted channels whiles conuaid,  
Vile flatt'ries poyson rendred hath impure.  
Thus are Kings hearts oft by their eares betraid.

For impudent effronted persons dare  
Court with vaine words and detestable lies,  
Whilst purer sprited men must stand asarre,  
The light is lothsome to diseased eies.

But this doth rauish oft my soule with wonder,  
Some that are wise, with flatt'ry can comport,  
And though of all men best mens parts they ponder,  
Yet euer entertaine the baddest sort.

Is't that such men as those cannot controlle them,  
Nor neuer crosse their appetite in ought,  
But for each purpose that they speake extolle them,  
Where better wits would argue as they thought,  
Oras they would haue none for to resist them,  
So for th'aduancement of the worthiest sorie,  
They will haue none that may seeme to assist them,  
Lest any challenge intrest in their glorie.

This selfe-conceate is a most dangerous shelve,  
Where many haue made shipwracke vnawares:  
He that doth trust too much vnto himselfe,  
Can neuer faile to fall in many snares.  
Of all that liue, great Monarchs haue most need  
To ballance all their actions, and their wordes,  
And with aduise in all things to proceed:  
A faithfull Counsell oft great good affoordes.

Loe, how th'inferior Sphears their courses bend  
There, whither the first Moouer doth them driue:



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Commons customs on the Prince depend,  
His manners are the rules by which they liue.

No man is onely for himselfe brought forth,  
And Kings for th' use of many are ordaind,  
They should like Sunnes, cleere Kingdoms with their worth,  
Whose life a paterne must be kept vnstaind.

Those that are vertuous haue an ample field  
T' expresse their wisdom and t' extend their merite,  
Where meane men must to their misfortune yield,  
Whilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant spirite.

As precious Stones are th' ornaments of rings,  
The Stone decorates the ring, the ring the hand:  
So Countries are conforme vnto their Kings,  
The King decorates the Court, the Court the Land.

And as a drop of poyson spent alone,  
Th' infected fountaine doth with venome fill,  
So mighty States may be orethrowne by one;  
A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.

*Æsop.* This is an easie thing, for vs to spie  
And paint in th' ayre the shadowes of our mindes,  
And t' apprehend with th' intellectuall eie;  
A blessing that no worldly Kingdom findes.

*Sol.* I grant imaginarie groundes of ours  
Will neuer mooue a world-bewitched Prince,  
To disenchaunt himselfe, and spend some howrs  
His owne disseignes of follie to conuince.

Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his furie,  
He must forsake himselfe, and be renew'd,  
And in the *Lethe* of obliuion burie  
The vanities that haue his soule subdewd.

He first must his prerogatiues al smother,  
And be a man, a man to be controld,  
Then all his faults as they were in another  
Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Could he cast off this vaile of fond selfe-loue,  
Through which all things not as they are he spies,  
He would those wicked Parasites remoue,  
Vile instruments of shame that liue by lies.  
And th'onely meanes to force them to depart,  
That he might iudge more freely of his state,  
Were to cast out the Idole of his hart  
Which puffs him vp with a pride-swolne conceate.  
For forraine flatterers could not find accessse,  
Wer't not ouer-valuing his owne worth too much,  
He flattred first himselfe and thinks no lesse  
But all their praises ought for to be such.  
And when these hireling Sycophants haue found  
A Prince whose iudgement selfe-conceat disarmes,  
They breach his weakest part, and bring to ground  
The greatnesse of his State with flatteries charmes.  
Then bearing ouer his Passions once the sway,  
Least by the better sort he be aduisd,  
To wholesome counsell they close vp the way,  
And vse all meanes t'haue honest men despisd.  
*Æsop.* If you at Court to credit would arise,  
You must not seeke by trueth t'acquire renowne,  
But learne t'applaud whiles what you most despise,  
And smile in show, whilst in effect you frowne.  
*Sol.* From Court in time I will my selfe retire,  
I find my humour is not fit for Court.  
I am none of those whom *Cræsus* doth desire,  
I can not alway of his worth report.  
O that he cannot see light Fortune flout him  
While as he glories in this outward show,  
Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies roundabout him,  
That gape t'enrich themselues with his ouerthrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Chorus.

**O**F all the creatures below  
 We must call Man most miserable,  
 Who all his time is neuer able  
 T'attaine vnto a true repose,  
 His very birth may well disclose  
 What miseries his blisse ouerthrow,  
 For being borne he can not know  
 Who to his state is friend or fo.  
 Nor how at first for to stand stable,  
 But euen with cryes and teares doth show  
 What dangers do his life enclose,  
 Whose griefes are sure, whose ioyes a fable,  
 Thus still his dayes in dolour so  
 He to all perils must expose,  
 And with vexation lins, and dies with wo,  
 Not knowing whence he come nor where to go

While as he brookes this lowest place,  
 O how uncertaine is his state,  
 Which gouern'd by a secret fate  
 Is subiect to inconstancie,  
 And euer changing as we see  
 Is still in toile, neuer in peace.  
 For if man prosper but a space,  
 With each good successe too too bold,  
 And puf't vp in his owne conceit,  
 He but abuses Fortunes grace:  
 And when that with aduersitie  
 His pleasures come to end their date,  
 And with disasters are controld,  
 Straight he begins for griefe to die:  
 And still the top of some extreme doth hold,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*  
*Not suffering summers heate, nor winters cold.*

*His state doth in most danger stand  
That most abounds in worldlie things,  
And soares too hie with Fortunes wings,  
Which carrie vp aspiring mindes  
For to be beaten with all windes,  
The course of such being rightlie scand,  
Whilst men can not themselues command  
Transported with a pow'rles name,  
Oft v unexpected ruine brings.  
W' haue scene examples in this land,  
How worldlie blisse the senses blindes,  
And on a reed vn surely hings,  
He that presumes vpon the same  
Hid poyson in his pleasure findes,  
And sailing rashlie with the windes of fame,  
Doth oft times sinke into a sea of shame.*

*It's to be fear'd our King at last  
Whilst he for nothing is affraid,  
Be by prosperitie betraid,  
For growing thus in greatnes still,  
And hauing worldlie things at will,  
He thinks though Time should all things wast,  
Yet his estate shall euer last,  
The wonder of th' inferiour round,  
And in his owne conceit hath said,  
No course of heau'n his state can cast,  
Nor make his successe to be ill;  
If Fortune once those thoughts r'obbraid  
Will haue our King to be vn-cround,  
She may that mind with horror fill,  
And in an instant utterly confound*

*The*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*The state, that stands vpon so slippry ground,  
 When such a Monarchs mind is bent  
 To follow most the most vnwise,  
 Who can their follie disguise  
 With sugred speeches poysonous baites,  
 The secret canker of great states,  
 From which at first few disassent,  
 The which at last all do repent,  
 While as repenting lust must go,  
 When Kings begin for to despise  
 Of honest men the good intent,  
 Who to assure their Soueraignes seates,  
 Would faine in time some help deuise,  
 And would cut off all cause of wo,  
 Yet can not second their conceats,  
 These dreadfull Comets commonly forgo  
 The Kings destruction that's miscaried so.*

*Act. III. Scen. I.*

CROESVS. ADRASTVS.

*Cræs.* **W**Hat vncloth fancies do affright my soule,  
 And haue captiu'd it to a thousand feares?  
 Strange cares suggesting griefe my ioyes controule,  
 My mind some comming euill charactred beares,  
 And credulous suspition too too wise,  
 To fortifie my feares doth meanes inuent,  
 Whilst suddaine terrors do my sprite surprise,  
 An ominous preface of some bad euent.  
 I thinke the soule come of immortall brood  
 As being partner of a diuine powre

Hath

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Hath a fore-knowledge both of euill and good,  
Although she can not flie a fatall houre.

Though with this mortall vaile being made halfe blinde,  
She can not soare outright with her owne wings,  
Yet she communicates vnto the mind  
In cloudie dreames and misteries strange things.

Th'imagination wonderfull in force  
Of foiles the iudgement with confusion so,  
That presupposing all things to be worse  
Then they fall foorth, we double our owne wo.

For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still  
Then doth the substance whence it hath the being,  
So th'apprehension of approaching ill  
Seemes greater then it selfe, whilst feares are lying.

This alteration too seemes more then strange,  
Which at an instant hath ore-whelm'd my senses,  
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,  
Against the heauen th'earth can find no defences.

My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing,  
This hath indeede so deepe impression left,  
A dreame, a fantasie, a shadow, nothing  
Hath all my mirth euen in a moment rest.

*Adraf.* Whence (mightie Soueraigne) can this change  
That doth obscure the rayes of princely grace, (proceede,  
Those that are schoolkin wo may cleerely reede,  
A mightie passion written in your face.

And if a stranger may presume so farre,  
I would the copie of your passions borrow,  
I else coniecture in what state you are,  
Taught by a secret sympathie in sorrow.

Two strings in diuers Lutes set in accord,  
(Although th'one be but toucht) together sound,  
Euen so soules tun'd to grieve the like afford,  
And other with a mutuall motion wound.

*Cræs.*

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Cræs.* No doubt but it disburdens much the mind,  
A Secretarie in distresse to haue,  
Who by his owne anothers grieve can finde,  
Where glad minds scorne what they can not conceaue.

And I (*Adraustus*) would the cause declare  
With which I so torment my selfe in vaine,  
O but I blush t'vnfold my foolish care,  
It's but th'illusion of a drowfie braine.

*Adraus.* According to the bodies constitution,  
The soule by night with fancies is afflicted,  
Or by these thoughts continuall reuolution,  
To which by day the mind is most addicted.

*Cræs.* Now whilst the Sunne did peepe through *Thetis*  
And on the beauties of *Aurora* gaz'd, (bower,  
Out of my body spoild of mouing power,  
All faculties of life dull sleepe had raz'd,

While as the sprite more powerfull then euer  
Since least impeached with this earthlie part  
The veritie from lies could best disseuer  
Hid mysteries vnclouding to the hart.

I only haue two sonnes, and th'one you see  
The signe of Natures indignation beares,  
And from his birth day domme is dead to me,  
Since he can powre no pleasure in my cares.

The other *Atis* all my life's delight,  
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,  
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twic-light  
I wot not whether yet I walkt or slept.

Whilst he was sporting voyd of worldlie cares,  
Not in a lists belonging to his merites,  
A pointed toole of iron fell vnawares,  
And pearc'd his temples, and expeld his spirites.

Whilst the pale carcase seem'd t'vpbraid mine eyes,  
The horreur of the sight my sense recald,

E

Which



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Which when I thinke of, yet my comfort dyes,  
Such an exceeding feare my sprit appald.

This hath me mou'd, it touch'd my state so neerelie,  
To match my sonne in mariage at this time  
With beauteous *Celia* whom he lou'd most deerelie,  
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime.

And if the heauens his o'rethrow haue decreed  
By destinie that can not be reuoked,  
So shall we haue behind some of his seed,  
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choaked.

Thus ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,  
Thaue of his race twill mitigate my mind,  
I can not hold him altogether dead,  
That leaues his Image in some one behind.

And for the time we do all that seemes best  
For to preuent those but surmiz'd annoyes,  
Yet for all this my mind hath neuer rest,  
Some secret terror still disturbs my ioyes.

*Adraf.* Ah Sir! if but th'imagind euill of this  
Hath plung'd your soule in such a gulfe of griefe,  
Vnhappie I who waile a thing that is,  
And haue not meanes to hope for no reliefe.

If all these dreadfull fancies tooke effect  
(Which heauie chance th'almightie Ioue withhold)  
It could not be compar'd in no respect  
With those misfortunes that my state enfold.

For when your sonne fell by anothers hand,  
You should but waile his death, and not your crime,  
The heauens of me my brothers blood demand,  
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

*Cræf.* In what strange forme could this disafter fall,  
That is th'occasion of so great distresse,  
Tell on at length th'originall of all,  
To heare of greater griefe t'will make mine lesse.

*Adraf.*

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Adras.* I haue conceald my sorrowes still till now,  
As too offensiue foode for daintie eares,  
Yet since of such a subiect you allow,  
Ile tell a tale that may moue stones to teares.

My Father of the *Phrigian* Princes come,  
Had in my growing age a tender care,  
That all my education might become  
One whom he might for mightie hopes prepare :

As yet foure lusters scarcely had begun  
For to discern my sex with downie cheekes,  
When I into that Labirinth was runne,  
Whence back in vaine the straying entrer sheekes.

I lou'd, O fatall loue ! vnlovely fate,  
The vertuousslie faire, yet fairest Dame  
That euer was enshrin'd in foules conceat,  
Or gaue a dittie to the sounds of fame.

Straight were my fancies to her beauties tyed,  
None can paint passions but in feeling mindes,  
I burnd, freezd, hopd, dispaired, and liud, and dyed,  
My actions chang'd as oft as th' *Autumnes* windes.

Yet after many doubtfull hopes and feares  
That I attaind the height of my desires,  
She had subscrib'd a truce vnto my teares,  
And temperd with encountring flames my fires.

For as she was the most affected Saint,  
Whose image was erected in my thought,  
She had compassion too of my complaint,  
And to acquit my firme affection sought.

Thus whilst I triumphd in mine owne conceat,  
As one whose loue his Ladie did preferre,  
I was corriuald (O vnhappy fate !)  
By one who lou'd, but was not lou'd by her.

He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,  
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight :

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And as a blind god blind guide did him draw  
Still like a lizard liu'd but by her sight.

Then strait he striues the Jewell for to wonne,  
Whose vnstaind worth he rates aboue his breath,  
He hates the light that comes not from my Sunne,  
And thinks to liue without her worse then death.

And this affection fauour'd was by Fortune  
Which seem'd to ratifie his high rear'd hopes,  
The Nymph her parents dayly did importune,  
For to confine his flying fancies scopes.

Now iudge if that my miseries were rise,  
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,  
Was like to lose a deerer thing then life,  
Whilst others striu'd my treasure to entrap.

The man that sought my ioyes to vndermine,  
I could not wish for this t'haue him ouerthrowne,  
Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine,  
I enuied not his hap, but wail'd mine owne.

Now in my breast a battell did begin,  
Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleede,  
Some fancies fear'd to what his loue might winne,  
And possibilitie for to come speede.

Then others call'd her constancie to mind,  
Which would not yeeld although she were inuaded,  
Yet forc'd to feare the frailtie of her kind.  
A woman that hath eares may be perswaded.

Thus toss'd with doubts into a deepe of wo,  
Which with suspicion had my ioyes supplanted,  
I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,  
As vertues patterne had one vertue wanted.

As I concluded, so it come to passe,  
Th'affliction seru'd for fuell to affection,  
For she who th'ornament of women was,  
Would neuer wrong her worth with a defection.

When



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When in my absence they had oft assay'd  
To haue me from her memorie remou'd,  
The *Sunne* burn's hottest when his beames are stay'd,  
The more that they would let, the more she lou'd.

And finding that delay no ende affords,  
And that faire generals are th'abusers Arte,  
She did repell him with disdainfull words  
To raze all thought of her out of his harte.

Loue is a ioy that vpon paine depends,  
A drop of sweet drown'd in a sea of sowres,  
What Follie doth begin, oft Furie ends,  
They hate for euer, that haue lou'd for howres.

When all his arguments prou'd of no force,  
Strait with disdain his soule in secret bur'nd,  
And what he thought was euill, to make farre worse,  
He vnto furour all his fauour turn'd.

As he extreame ly lou'd, farre more he hated,  
And musde of many meanes how to annoy her,  
Which was the best a long time he debated,  
To see her dead, or to see me enioy her.

What? faith he when he first had musde a space,  
So hard it is to quench a great affection:  
Shall I disfigure that angelike face,  
And make the world ecclypsde of all perfection?

Shall she by me be to confusion brought,  
To whom I vowes and prayers did impart,  
To whom I sacrific'd my secret thought,  
And on her beauties altar burn'd my hart?

Or shall I see her in anothers powre,  
And in his bosome lie t'vpbraid my losse,  
Whilst both with scornfull smiles then death more sowre,  
To poynt me out for sport report my crosse?

That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,  
Should it become a cause of grieve to me?

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No, none that liues, shall glorie in my harme,  
Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.

Th'unlouing Louer hauing vow'd her death,  
Did with a cup of poison drowne my ioyes.  
The fairest body from the sweetest breath  
Was parted thus, (O Ocean of annoyes!)

That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares  
Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,  
And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares  
The worst newes first, inform'd me of this wrong.

For neighbouring neere the most vnhappy part  
That had beene spoild of such a beauteous guest,  
No sooner had death seazde on the chaste hart  
Then sorrow on my eares to rob my rest.

How the sadde newes first sounded in my soule,  
I will not wearie you with long laments,  
Rage did the outward signes of griefe controule;  
When great windes blow the fire, the smoke worst vents.

Whilst generous disdainde disguisde my griefe,  
(As one transported with a mighty rage)  
I ranne vnto the Theater of mischief, e,  
A tragicke Actor for a bloody stage.

For I was come no sooner to the place  
Whereas I thought the Murtherer to haue found,  
But I'encountred (O vnhappy case)  
Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound.

Ah! passions dim'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,  
I was no more my selfe, sorrow had kild me,  
The first (t'was night) that did before me stand,  
I fiercely did pursue, as Furor willd me.

And as it chanc'd, ere one could speake a word,  
I filld his bosome with a luke-warme flood,  
And in his kind breast drown'd the cruell sword,  
That in anothers body dranke my blood.

When

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When as a Torch had partly robde the night,  
 Prowd of supposde reuenge (ah bitter gaine)  
 I saw, I knew, blacke knowledge, cruell fight,  
 T'was mine owne brother that my selfe had flaine.

O bitter losse that nothing can repaire!  
 My soule at once with all woes armie wounded,  
 Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement and despaire,  
 Gauld, toss'd, burnd, dash'd, astonish'd, and confounded.

The thought of my offence torments me most,  
 Yet am I whiles by my Loues verdict cleane'd,  
 And whiles my brothers violated ghost  
 By dreadfull dreames doth boast to be reueng'd.

*Cræs.* Now whilst this great disaster did occurre,  
 What came of him who was the cause of all?

*Adra.* He hauing heard this lamentable sturre,  
 Whom selfe-accusing thoughts did guiltie call,  
 Srait stricken with a wonderful remorse,  
 I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him,  
 If not t'ore-lieue her death, or dreading worse,  
 He killd himselfe, his conscience so disproou'd him.

*Cræs.* I grant the manner of so rare mischances  
 Would force compassion from your greatest foe,  
 Where all the griefe-begetting circumstances  
 Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe.

But naturall loue doth at our selfe begin,  
 It mooues farre more to feele then heare mishaps,  
 The perturbation that my sprite is in,  
 Me in a maze of discontentments wraps.

We should such past misfortunes pretermit,  
 At least no more immoderately lament them,  
 And as for those that are but comming yet,  
 Vse ordinary meanes for to preuent them.

*Adra.* No wonder Sir, although you take great care,  
 Lest all your hopes in *Atis* person perish.

*Cræs.*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Cræf.* I will by all the meanes I may, prepare  
To saue his youth, that he my age may cherish.

If it be possible for mortall states  
To striue against the Starres and be more strong,  
I'll vname Fortune, and resist the fates,  
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong.

I haue commanded vnder paine of death,  
That no such weapon be within my walles,  
As I suppos'd should haue abridg'd his breath,  
T'eschew such sudden euill as rashly falles.

He shall goe rarely to the fields, and then  
With chosen bands be guarded all the time:  
Loe where he communes with some countrey-men,  
We will go trie what they would haue of him.

Act. III. Scen. II.

CHORVS of countrey-men. CROESVS. ATIS.  
ADRASTVS. CAELIA.

**L**end (Sir) a willing eare to humble wordes,  
Let not our basenesse barre vs from your grace,  
Which still it selfe alike to all affords  
Who blesse their sight with that Maiestike face.

My Soueraigne all his subiects well remembers,  
As vile as our estate is thought of now  
You are our head, and we are of your members,  
And you must care for vs, we care for you.

Our pouertie to vs is no reproach,  
Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's,  
We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach,  
But by our labours liue midst many thornes.

And euer busied for the Countries good,  
We haue no time to muse of vaine conceates,

Yet

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Yet earning with continuall toile our food  
We entertaine the pompe of powder States.

And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill,  
That thus dare speake so freely as we do,  
Whilst mediators do dilate our will  
They wrest it as they will, and wracke vs too.

To count'nance such as vs you neede not shunne,  
A great man too well grac'd may do more harme:  
And 'tis no staine vnto the glorious Sunne,  
Though oft his beames an abiect object warme.

*Cræs.* Be not discourag'd by your base estate,  
Yee are my people, and I'll heare your plaint,  
A King must care for all, both small and great,  
And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint.

The Scepter such as these should chiefly shrowd,  
Not cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,  
T'aduancethe humble and t'abate the prowd;  
This is a Vertue that makes Kings to stand.

*Cor.* Sir, our estate some speedy helpe requires,  
In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine  
Of great *Olimpus* that the World admires,  
There haunt's a Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine

Of a big body, and a hideous forme,  
His fomie lawe with tuskes like Iauelins strikes,  
And all parts in deformitie conforme,  
His backe hath bristles like to yron Pikes.

This Monster of Nature, wonder of Men,  
The Forrests tyran, and the Countries terrour,  
Teares all to death, and drawes them to his Den,  
That chance into his way by fatall error.

Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile  
The goared Infants toying in their blood,  
Th'abominable beast them doth assaile,  
And in his bowels buries both for food.

F

Then

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Then when we fly the field where he sojournes,  
To haue his hunger or his rage alayde,  
He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes,  
Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde.

Ere this, of true Repose we were the types,  
And pastur'd on each plaine our fleecie flockes,  
And made a consort of our warbling pypes,  
With mouing christals th'issue of the rockes.

And sometime to refresh vs after trauell,  
With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames  
We gazd vpon *Pactolus* golden grauell,  
Glasd, bathd, and quenched our thirst with his pure streames.

Whilst we preferd, the Riuer seemd amazd,  
Vnto his golden bed, his grassye bancke,  
And lay and lookd whereas our cattell grazd,  
Without all enuie of a greater ranke.

That to repress oppression you take care,  
This rest of ours is an effectuell token,  
Your Lawes like Spiders webs do not ensnare  
The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken.

For we by them are fenc'd from great mens pride,  
The Heau'ns perpetuate your prosp'rous raigne,  
And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide,  
To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine.

*Cræs.* What would ye then, that should be done by me?  
For to repay your losse; repayre this wrong.

*Chorus.* We craue none of your wealth, yet wish to see  
This Boare be-blood the staffe of the most strong:

Let valorous *Atis* worthily your sonne,  
Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth,  
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne  
Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth,  
And we shall leade them crownd with lawrell forth,  
Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater

For



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For men to make a tryall of their worth  
This Monster stayes : th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater.

So shall we both reape profite, and they pleasure,  
Which may be brought to passe without great obstacle,  
By making this waster of the worlds treasure,  
Of a horrid sight, a delightfull spectacle.

*Cræf.* I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,  
Which is not needfull now for to be knowne,  
But I'll send others for the same effect,  
That this pestiferous Beast may be o'rethrowne.

Th'ostentiuue gallants that our Grace attend,  
And wait th'occasion but t'aduance their strength,  
Against the Boare shall all their forces bend,  
With houndes and darts still till he fall at length.

I sweare this Monster shall when he is dead,  
A memorable monument remaine,  
To *Dians* Church I'll consecrate his head,  
The Virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine.

*Atis.* Ah wherein Father haue I thus offended?  
Or what vile signe of a degenerd mind  
Haue you remark'd in me that euer tended  
To the reproch of our Imperiall kind?

That of this praise you would giue me no part,  
But barre me from a famous enterprife,  
As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart:  
Who still in vile repose inglorious lies,

Lies like a wanton with vaine thoughts bewitchd,  
Who spoyle of force effeminately liues,  
A Peacocke but with painted pennies enrichd,  
Yet poore in all the parts that Glorie giues.

What glorie giues those glorious Styles to me  
Which by succession fall, not by defart,  
Should but my Fame with borrowd feathers flee;  
For come of Kings a kingdome is my part.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Who only by his Birth aduancement claimes,  
Like a base bastard doth his birth-right blote,  
I will not beg my worth from dead mens names,  
Nor conquer Credit only by my Cote.

What comforts this to brooke th'Imperiall scate,  
And all the blisse that Maiestie impartes?  
If those whom only we exceed in State,  
Be our Superiors in farre better partes.

More then a Crowne true Worth is to be valued,  
Th'one Fortunes gift, and th'other our owne merite,  
By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is salued,  
When Fortune takes what we by her inherite.

*Cræs.* I see what braue Desires boyle in thy Soule,  
And make thee with immortall wings to flee,  
This hie-bent courage, nothing can controule,  
All *Lidia* is not large euough for thee.

Go, seeke an Empire equall with thy mind,  
No common limits can confine thy thought;  
But while a full perfection thou wouldst find,  
I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought.

And pardon me, (deare Sonne) it's a great Loue  
That makes me watch so warily o're thy wayes,  
Th'affection of a Father what may moue,  
Whom such an eminent danger not dismayes?

The Heau'ns of late aduertisde me by Dreame,  
That some sadde fortune did attend thy Youth,  
New Meteors and strange Stars through th'aire still streame,  
Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth.

This was the cause that hastned Vs so much  
To haue thee bound to *Himens* hallow'd Law,  
This was the cause that all our care was such,  
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw.

Scorne not th'amazing Comets that thou notes,  
The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt,

And



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And thinke not only that my loue but dotes,  
For if thou fall, my fate with thine is mixt.

*Atis.* Would God I had some meanes once ere my death  
To satisfie that infinite defart,  
Which I shall hold so long as I haue breath,  
Deepe registred with reu'rence in my hart.

Yet (Sir) we see it is a naturall thing  
For too excessiue loue t'engender feares,  
A sport like this can no great perill bring  
Where either all delights the eyes or th'cares.

If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,  
As void of vertue to soft pleasure thrall,  
Of your two Sonnes what might your subiects thinke,  
Th'one wanting but one sense, and th'other all.

What fancies might my late spould loue possesse,  
To see her husband hatefull in their fights?  
And from the height of Honour to digresse,  
To womanize with courtly vaine delights:

§ Though women loue t'haue men at their deuotion,  
2 They hate base mindes that hatch no noble motion.

*Cræf.* Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must preuaile,  
Go follow forth the chase, vse thine owne will,  
Yet stay, or let my words thus much auaille,  
Walke warilie now t'eschue this threatned ill.

Thy hautie sprite t'attempt all hazards bent,  
I feare transport thee to a fatall strife,  
(God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent,  
Thy ouer-franke courage may betray thy life.

And (deere *Adrastus*,) I must let him know  
What benefites I haue bestow'd on thee,  
Not to vpbraid thee, no, but for to show  
How I may trust thee best that's bound to me.

When thou from *Phrigia* come defild with blood,  
And a fraternall violated loue:



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When in a most extreme estate thou stood,  
Chac'd from thy fathers face, curst from aboue.

Thou found me friendlie, and my Court thy rest,  
A Sanctuarie sacred for thy safetie,  
Where thou wast entertain'd as pleas'd thee best,  
I thinke those dangers scap't should make thee craftie.

Yet though I grac'd thee earst, 't was but a signe  
Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched:  
But in thy hands my soule ile now consigné,  
And giue a prooue of loue not to be matched.

Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,  
Whose harme as you haue heard I fear'd ere now,  
Is to go take his pastime in the field,  
And with his custodie ile credit you.

I must my friend euen feruentlie exhort,  
Wait on my sonne, remember of my dreame,  
This dangerousslie delectable sport,  
Doth make me feare the griefe exceede the game.

*Adras.* I neuer shall those courtesies neglect,  
It irkes me not to thinke nor heare the same:  
For while this sprite these members doth direct,  
All shall concurre to celebrate your fame.

If 'twere your will I would not hence depart,  
Who all such motiues vnto mirth abhore,  
But with my passions heere, retir'd apart,  
Would waile wo past and shun all cause of more.

For if I striue 't abandon my annoyés,  
I feare my fellowship infect with woe:  
Those that would recreat themselves with ioyes,  
Still strange mishaps attend mee where I go.

Yet since you will commit this charge to me,  
Ile vse all meanes that you may not repent you,  
At lest all my defects faith shall supplie,  
I couet nothing more then to content you.

*Atis.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Atis.* Now for to see this monsters ouglie shape,  
With an enflam'd desire my thoughts do burne,  
And Father, be not feard for no mishap,  
I hope soone, and victorious to returne.

*Celia.* Returne? and whither loue? O deadlie word!  
That doth import thy parting from my sight,  
I heard thee name, mishap, ah my deere Lord!  
Should such strict limits bound so large delight?

O cruell resolution, vnkind dealing,  
And canst thou condescend to leaue me so?  
Or from my presence priuillie thus stealing,  
Thinkst thou to rob a pōrtion of my wo?

This might indeede to thee yeeld some reliefe,  
To haue thy cares not wounded with my mone,  
But would wound me with a continuall grieve,  
To feare all things where I should feare but one.

Desist in time from this intended strife,  
With which thy thoughts haue vnaduisedlie entred,  
Remember I haue interest in thy life,  
Which I consent not to be thus aduentred.

Hast thou not giuen a prooffe in thy greene prime,  
That may content the most ambitious hopes,  
Whilst *Atis* was his owne, O then t'was time  
To follow fancies vnconfined scopes.

Thy selfe then only camp'd in Fortunes bounds,  
Thou dost endanger *Celia* likewise now,  
You sigh her breath, she suffer's in your wounds:  
You liue in her, and she must dye in you.

*Atis.* Life of my soule, how do such broken speeches  
From confusde passions thus abruptlie rise?  
I know my loue, thy loue my mind o're-reaches,  
Affection schoold with feares is too too wise.

I go o're-thwart the fields for sport to range,  
Thy sighs do but my soule with sorrow fill,

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus*

And pardon (deere) I find this wondrous strange,  
Thou neuer did till now resist my will.

If I trespasse in aught against my dutie,  
Which makes thee thus my faith for to mistrust,  
Mistrust not yet the chaines of thine owne beautie,  
Which bind all my desires, and so they must.

Are we not now made one? such feares o'recome,  
Though I would flie my selfe my selfe do fetter,  
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whome?  
I can loue none so well, none loues me better.

Haue pittie of those pearles (sweete eyes soules pleasures)  
Lest they presage what thou would not haue done,  
The heau'ns had not giu'n me those pretious treasures  
Of such perfections to be spoyl'd so soone.

*Chorus.*

**T**Hose that domine aboue,  
High presidents of heauen,  
By whom all things do moue  
As they haue order giuen:  
What worldling can arise  
Against them to repine?  
Whilst castel'd in the skies  
With prouidence diuine  
They force th'inferior round  
Their iudgements to confesse,  
And in their wrath confound  
Proud mortals that transgresse  
The couenant they made  
With Nature in heauens stead.

Base brood of earth, vaine man,  
Why bragst thou of thy might?



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*The heauens thy courses scan,  
 Thou walkst still in their sight,  
 Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes  
 Their registers dilate,  
 And thinke that none exceeds  
 The compasse of his fate.  
 What heauens would haue thee to  
 Though they thy wayes abhorre,  
 That thou of force must do,  
 And thou may do no more.  
 This reason would fu'fill,  
 Their worke should serue their will.*

*Are we not heires of death,  
 In whom there is no trust,  
 Who toss'd with circkling breath,  
 Are but a dramme of dust?  
 Yet fooles when as we erre  
 And do th' heauens wrath contract,  
 If they awhile deferre  
 A iust reuenge t' exact,  
 Pride in our bosome creepes,  
 And mis-informes vs thus,  
 That the Eternall sleepes,  
 Or takes no care of vs.*

*No, th' eye of heauen beholds  
 All what our hart enfolds.*

*The gods digest no crime  
 Though they continue long,  
 And in th' offenders time  
 Seeme to neglect their wrong,  
 Till others of their race  
 Fill up the cup of wrath,*

G

Whom

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Whom ruine and disgrace  
Long time attended hath,  
And Giges fault we feare  
To Cræsus charge be layd,  
Which Ioue will not forbear  
Though it be long delayd :  
For ô sometime the gods  
Must plague sinne with sharp rods.*

*And lo how Cræsus still  
Tormented in his mind,  
Like a reed on a hill,  
Is shiuering with each wind.  
Each step a terrour brings,  
Dreames do by night afflict him,  
And by day many things,  
All his thoughts do conuict him :  
He his starre would controule,  
This makes euill not the worst  
Whilst he wounds his owne soule  
With th'apprehension first :  
Man may his fate foresee,  
But not shun heauens decree.*

Act. IIII. Scen. I.

ADRASTVS CROESVS. CHORVS.

**C**An heauen behold hands staind with bloud of times,  
And to the Stigian streames not headlongs hurld ?  
Can th'earth support one burden'd with such crimes,  
As may prouoke the wrath of all the world ?

Why

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

Why sends not *Ioue* t'haue my curst'd course confind,  
A death-denouncing flash of rumbling thunder,  
Or a tempestuous terrour-breeding wind,  
With violence to teare me all asunder.

What vnknowne corner from the world remou'd  
T'inhabit in th'horizon of dispaire  
Shall I go now possesse and be approu'd  
By monsters like my selfe that hate repaire.

Ile go indeed whom all the world detests,  
Who haue no interest in the fields of blisse,  
And barbarize among the barbarous beasts,  
Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse.

Yet though both th'Artike and Antartike Pole  
I should ouerpasse, and find th'vnpeopled zones,  
A wilderness where nought were to controule  
My damnable cruelties but trees and stones :

Yet of my deeds which all the world do tell,  
All this could not deface th'infamous scroule,  
Within my breast I beare about my hell,  
And can not scape the horrors of my soule.

Those fearefull monsters of confusd aspects,  
*Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra*, hellish apes,  
Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,  
And borrowed from th'infernall shades their shapes.

Their deuilish formes that did the world amaze,  
Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,  
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,  
In the black depth of a polluted minde.

No, but my mind vntainted still remaines,  
My thoughts in this diliēt haue had no part,  
Which accidentallie this foule fact stains,  
My hands had no commission of my hart.

Yet, whether it was fortune or my fate,  
Or some hell-hag that did direct my arme,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I quaild the *Lidians* hopes abortiue date,  
And am the instrument of all their harme.

Then swelling mountaines come and fall vpon me,  
Your height may hide me from the wrath of heauen:  
But this needes not, my fault hath else vndone me,  
No torment can with my offence be euen.

Ah of what desert shall I now make choice,  
T'auoid the count'nance of an angrie King?  
I know th'auenging sword of *Cræsus* voice,  
To wound my soule hostes of rebukes doth bring.

No, th'object of distresse ile stand alone,  
A memorable monster of mishap,  
For though *Pandoraes* plagues were pour'd in one,  
All were too few so vile a wretch t'entrap.

*Chor.* O how the King is mou'd with *Atis* death,  
His face th'impression of a passion beares  
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quiuering breath,  
His princely roabe he desperately teares.

Lo, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,  
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,  
He whilst his soule seemes to dissolue in smoake,  
Whiles eyes the corps whiles him by whom t'is flaine.

*Cræs.* Thou ruthlesse Tyrant, ruine of my blisse,  
And didst thou so disguise thy deuilish nature  
To recompence my courtesies with this?  
Ah cruell wretch, abominable creature.

Thy Tigrish mind who could haue well detected?  
In mortall breasts so great barbaritie?  
What froward sprite could haue such spight suspected?  
In hospitalitie hostilitie?

Did I reuiue thee when thy hopes were dead,  
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?  
And hauing heapt such fauours on thy head,  
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* he would say the reward.

*Adras.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Adrast.* I grant what you alledge, and more, is true,  
I haue vnto the height of hatred runne,  
A blood-staind Wretch, not worthy for to view  
The rolling Circles, nor the rayie Sunne.

I'le neuer striue to cloake my foule abuses,  
So for to make my forfeit to seeme lesse,  
And paint my fault with imperfect excuses,  
T'is greater farre then words can wel expresse.

Nor go I thus to aggrauate my crime,  
And damne my selfe to be absolu'd by others;  
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time,  
I'le not suruiue his death, as earst my brothers.

Whose vnkind fall if I had followd straight,  
As then indeed I dyed to all delight,  
I had not groan'd chargd with this inward waight,  
But slept with shadows in eternall night.

Yet must I die at last, though late growne wife,  
This in my minde most discontentment breeds,  
A thousand tort'ring deaths cannot suffice  
To plague condignely for so haynous deedes.

Come, cause him, who the Spritelesse body buries,  
Vpon the Tombe to sacrifice my blood,  
No fitter offring for th'infernall Furies  
Then one, in whom they raignd while as he stood.

In whom they oft infusde their diu'lish rage,  
And in my bosom all their Serpents nestled,  
So that this hellish horror to assuage,  
I all my dayes haue with disasters wrestled.

*Cræs.* I find *Adrastus*, when I deeply scaunce  
Th'effectuall motiues of this fatall crosse,  
That not thy malice, but mine owne mischaunce  
Hath been th'occasion of our bitter losse.

Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,  
We weigh the out-side of such strange euent,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

If but the mediate meanes our iudgements hit,  
We search not the first cause, this much contents.

When such prodigious accidents fall out,  
Though they amaze our minds, and so they must,  
The ground of all comes from our selfe no doubt,  
Ah! man hath sin'd, the heau'ns are alwayes iust.

Now when I search the secrets of my soule,  
And rip the corners of my corrupt minde,  
Marke of my former life th'offenciue scroule,  
And do examine how I was inclinde,

O then I see the angry hosts of heauen  
Come girt with flames to plague for my offences,  
Which once no doubt will with the world be euen,  
And iudge our thoughts, words, acts, and vaine pretences.

Sonne, 'tis my pride that hath procurde thy fall,  
I'm guiltie of thy blood, I gaue the wound  
Which was thy death, and whose remembrance shall  
My life each day with many deaths confound.

Then iniust Stars, your statutes I contemne;  
O! if I were confronted with the gods,  
I would their partiall prouidence condemne,  
That in such sort do exercise their rods.

Ah! my Sonnes death doth shew their iudgement naught,  
What could he perpetrate against such Powres?  
Should he haue suffred for his Fathers fault?  
Whom without cause their wrong-spent wrath deuours.

Now all the world those deities may despise,  
Which plague the guiltlesse, and the guiltie spare:  
Cease haples man t'outrage thy selfe thus waies;  
I pardon thee, and pitie thy despaire.

*Adrast.* O cruell iudgement of a rigorous fate!  
Must I o're-live my selfe t'entombe my Fame?  
All things that I behold vpbraide my state;  
Too many monuments of one mans shame.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

All (and no more then I) my deedes detest,  
Yet some not find a friend, I find no foe  
To rid the world of such a dangerous pest,  
Borne but to be an instrument of woe.

I know what makes all worthie mindes refraine  
The sword against a Catife for to stretch,  
They this opprobrious office do disdaine,  
To be the Deaths-men of so base a wretch.

Or must I yet a fouler fact commit,  
And fill the world with th'horroure of my name?  
Is there some new disaster resting yet,  
And other funerals famous by my shame?

Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,  
That in the blasted field of comfort gleanes,  
No, no, in spite of heau'n I'll force my fate,  
One that's resolu'd to die, cannot want meanes.

Prowd tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange?  
T'involve my wearied soule in further strife,  
Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,  
I can appoint a Period to my life.

But this (Ay me) all hope of helpe deuours,  
What gaines my soule by death in those sad times?  
If potent still in all her wonted powres  
She must remember of my odious crimes.

What though vnbodyed she the world forsake?  
Yet cannot from her conscience be diuorc'd,  
It will but vex her at the shadowie Lake,  
Till euen to grone the god of ghosts be forc'd.

But welcome death, and O would God I had  
Lesse famous or more fortunately liu'd!  
Then had I neuer showne my selfe so mad  
T'haue only been by infamie suruiu'd.

Ah! haue I liu'd to see my Ladie die,  
And die for me, for me not worth so much;

Ah

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Ah! haue I liu'd (vnnaturall man) to be  
My Brothers death, whose loue to me was such.

Ah! haue I liu'd, with mine owne hands to kill  
A gallant Prince committed to my charge,  
And do I gaze on the dead body still,  
And in his Fathers fight my shame enlarge.

Ah! haue I liu'd ( O execrable Monster)  
To be accounted of a diu'lish nature,  
And euen by them that best my actions conſter,  
For to be cal'd (and iuſtly cal'd) a Traitour.

Yet with my blood this ſtaine away I'll waſh,  
And leſt my memorie make th'earth detracted,  
Let my name periſh in my bodies aſh,  
And all my life be as a thought vnacted.

Braue *Atis*, now I come to pleade for grace,  
Although thou frown'ſt on my affrighted gholt,  
And to reuenge thy wrong this wound embrace;  
Thus, thus, I toile t'attaine the Stygian coaſt.

*Cho.* The man himſelfe doth desperately wound,  
With leaden lights, weake legs, and head decline,  
The body in diſdaine doth beate the ground,  
That of his members one hath prou'd vnkinde:

The fainting hand falles trembling from the ſword  
With this micidiall blow for ſhame growne red,  
Which ſtrait the blood purſues with vengeance ſtor'd  
To drowne the ſame with the ſame floods it ſhed.

Who of thoſe parties can the combate ſhow,  
Where both but one, one both, ſtrooke and ſuſtaind,  
Or who ſhall triumph for this ſtrange ore'throw  
Whereas the Victor loſt, the Vanquiſh'd gaind.

*Cræſ.* Curſde cies, what ſudden change hath drownd your  
And made your mirthfull obieſts mournfull now? (lights,  
Ye that were ſtill inurde to ſtately fights  
Since ſeated vnder an Imperiall brow.

O're-clouded



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

O'reclouded now with vapours of my cares,  
Are low throwne downe vnto a hell of griefe,  
And haue no prospect but my foules despaires,  
The sad beholders of a rare mischiefe.

O dead *Adrastus* I absolue thy ghost,  
Whose hand some secret destinie did charme,  
Thou hated by the Heau'ns, wert to thy cost  
An accidentall Actor of our harme.

No doubt some angrie God hath layd this snare,  
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,  
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,  
And threw it at my Sonne against thy will.

Ah Sonne! must I be witnesse of thy death,  
Who view thee thus with violence to bleed,  
And yet want one on whom to powre my wrath,  
To take iust vengeance for so vile a deed?

This wretch whose guiltlesse mind hath cleard his hand  
Grieu'd for his error, loe, vnforced doth fall,  
And not as one that did in danger stand,  
For he liu'd still till I forgaue him all.

Thus haue I but the heau'ns on whom I may  
Powre forth the poyson of my troubled spirite,  
In my foules bitternesse I'm forced to say,  
This seconds not their custome and my merite.

## A&amp;t. IIII. Scen. II.

SANDANIS. CROESVS.

**W**Hy spend you (Sir) with sighs th'Imperious breath,  
Which nought but words of Soueraigntie should  
O weake reuenge for one that's wrongd by death, (breed,  
T'adorne his triumph with a mourning weed!

H

This



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

This pale-fac'd tyrant, author of our ill,  
Who did, t'ecclipse our Ioyes, that blacke shaft borrow,  
Should you frame Trophees to his Tigrish will,  
And weare his liuery, and succumbe to sorrow?

No, though he might this outward blisse o're-throw,  
And you saue you of all that's yours might spoyle,  
Yet whilst of one that yields no signe you show,  
You triumph still, and he receiues the foyle.

Th'o're-flowing humor that would drowne your soule,  
In baser breasts might better be excusde,  
Who want the sprite their passions to controule,  
As from their birth still to subiection vsde.

But you, in whom high Thoughts haue been innated,  
To this decay how is your Vertue come?  
I blush to see my Soueraigne so abated,  
And Maiestie by miserie o'recome.

Nor are my words out of a rockie mind,  
T'unnaturalize you, as not feeling smart,  
No, none can barre a Prince from being kind,  
Th'undoubted badge of an Heroick hart.

That supreme Powre, by which great States do stand,  
Should order but th'affection, not vndoe it  
And I could wish you might your selfe command,  
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe it.

*Cræs.* I will not now rehearse, t'enlarge my grieve,  
On what iust reasons my laments are grounded,  
But still will muse vpon mine owne mischiefe,  
While as my soule a thousand wayes is wounded.

What pensiue penfill euer limm'd aright  
The sad conceats of soule-consuming woe:  
Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling hight  
Of th'inward anguish that o're-whelms me so.

Though many Monarchs icalously despise  
The rising Sunne that their declining staines;

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And hate the Heire, who by their fall must rise,  
As grieu'd to heare of death, or others raignes.

My loue towards *Atis* otherwise appeard,  
Whom, whilst for him I did my cares engage,  
I as a Father lou'd, as King not feard,  
The comfort, not th'encombrance of mine age.

And hadst thou Sonne, as reason would, suruiu'd me,  
Who glaunced and vanish'd like a lightning-flash,  
Then death of life could neuer haue depriu'd me,  
Whilst such a Phænix had reuiu'd my ash.

*San.* Let not these woes ecclypse your Vertues light.

*Cræf.* Ah! rage and grieve must once be at a hight.

*San.* Striue of your sorrows for to stop the source.

*Cræf.* These salt cie-floods must flow & haue their course.

*San.* That is not kingly. *Cræf.* And yet it is kindly.

Where passions do domine they gouerne blindly.

*San.* Such wofull plaints cannot repaire your State:

*Cræf.* Th'infortunate at least may waile their Fate.

The meanest comfort can t' a wretch retourne,  
Is in calamitie t'haue leaue to mourne.

*San.* What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affections,  
With teare-lesse eyes could that Youths death behold:  
Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections,  
A hoarie iudgement vnder lockes of gold.

No, no man liues but must lament to see  
The worlds chiefe hope euen in his blossome choaked:  
But men cannot controll the Heau'ns decree:  
And mischief done, can neuer be reuoked.

Then let not this torment your mind no more,  
This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares,  
If wailing could your ruinde State restore,  
Soules fraught with grieve should sayle in Seas of teares.

Lest all our comfort dash against one shelve,  
And his vntimely end occasion yours,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Haue pitie of your people, spare your selfe,  
If not to your owne vse, yet vnto ours.

*Cræs.* When *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did find,  
Thou diu'd so deeply in my bosom then,  
That since thou kept the key still of my mind,  
And knew what I conceald from other men.

Behold, I go to open vp to you  
(Deare Treasurer of all my secrets still)  
A mightie enterprise I mind for now :  
A Phisicke in some sort t'asswage my ill.

Which may vnto my soule yield some reliefe,  
And make me to forgoe sad thoughts content,  
Or els acquire copartners in my griefe,  
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

*Sand.* This benefite must bind me with the rest,  
To loue your Maiestie, and wish you well,  
I'll giue you my aduise, and I protest,  
That you take friendly what I freely tell.

*Cræs.* Since that it hath not pleasde the Diuine powres,  
That of my of-spring I might comfort claime,  
Yet lest the rauinous course of flying howres  
Should make a prey of my respected name,  
I hope t'engender such a generous brood,  
That the vnborne shall know how I haue liu'd,  
And this no doubt would do my ghost great good,  
To be by famous Victories reuiu'd.

I'll Eagle-like soare with Fames immortall wings,  
Vnlesse my hie-bent thoughts themselues deceaue,  
That hauing acted admirable things,  
I may scorne death, and triumph o're the graue.

Yet haue I not so settled my conceate  
That all opinions are to be despisde,  
Vnfold your iudgement touching my estate,  
Take heed I'll tell you what I haue deuise.

Some



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Some *Scithian* Shepherd in a high disdain,  
As I haue heard rehearst by true discourses,  
To plague some of the *Medes* with endlesse paine,  
Did entertaine them with *Thiestes* courses.

And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,  
They with the infants flesh the parents fed,  
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,  
Did in their bowels burie whom they bred.

Then after this abhominable crime,  
They come vnto my fathers famous court,  
And working on th'aduantage of the time,  
Did as they pleas'd of what was past report.

They shew'd what seru'd to help, and hid the rest,  
Whilst pittie pleaded for afflictions part,  
He noble-minded fauouring the distrest,  
Was wooon to them by this *Sinonick* art.

*San.* Oft Kings of Iudges thence haue parties gone,  
Where both their eares were patent but to one.

*Cræs.* Then *Ciaxare* Monarch of the *Medes*,  
To prosecute those fugitiues to death,  
In indignation of my fathers deedes,  
Did boast them both with all the words of wrath.

My father thinking that his court should be  
A sanctuarie for all supplicants,  
Did leuie men, that all the world might see  
He helpt the weake, and scorn'd the mighties vaunts.

Thus mortall warres on euery side proclaim'd,  
With mutuall damage did continue long,  
Till both the armies by *Beltona* tam'd,  
Did irke t'auenge or to maintaine a wrong.

It chanc'd whilst peace was at the highest dearth,  
That all their forces furiously did fight,  
A suddaine darkenes courtain'd vp the earth,  
And violentlie dispossest the light.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I thinke for *Phaeton* the Sunne lookt sad,  
And that the bloodie objects that he saw  
Did wound his memorie, with grieve gone mad,  
He from the world his wagon did withdraw.

Yet Ignorance the mother of confusion,  
With wresting natures course found cause of feares,  
Which well edg'd on by wiser mens illusion,  
Was cause of concord and of truce from teares.

Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,  
And that it might more constantly indure,  
*Astages* the King of *Medias* sonne,  
A mariage with my Sister did procure.

A deadlie rancour reconcil'd againe,  
Must seal'd with consanguinitie remaine.

*Cræf.* He since his fathers age-worne course was ended,  
Hath rulde his people free from blood or strife,  
Till now a Viper of his loynes discended,  
Would by his ruine make himselfe a life.

I meane by *Cyrus* base *Cambises* brood,  
Who by a Bitch nursd with the countrey swaines,  
Degener'd farre from any princely blood,  
The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.

He come against his Grandfather to feeld,  
And vnexpected with a mightie powre,  
Ouertlawed his forces, forc'd himselfe to yeeld,  
Who captiue kept now waits for death each howre.

That you may see now what my interest is,  
I made recitall of this ruthfull storie,  
Those circumstances shew that shame of his  
Tends to the derogation of our glorie:

That any dare presume to trouble thus  
One whome our kingdomes fauour should defend,  
In strict affinitie combind with vs,  
Yet not respected for so greata friend.

My



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My ioylesse soule with this will be reioyc'd,  
 Whilst I to warre against that rebell go:  
 I hope that both shall know how they haue choyc'd,  
 Th'one a kind friend, and th'other a feerce fo.

*San.* Though Natures law you car'd not to transgresse,  
 And this your wrong'd allye would not repare,  
 Yet the regard t'a Monarch in distresse,  
 Should moue the mightie with a mutuall care.

These terrours to that thunder in your eare,  
 I thinke the *Lidians* will not well allow,  
 For when the Cedar falls, the Oake may feare,  
 Th'*Aſirians* ore-throw may astonish you.

And when we see our neighbours house afire,  
 Then we may iudge our owne to be in danger,  
 It's better first with others to conspire,  
 Or we be forc'd our selues t'invade that stranger.

Ah this is but the out-side of your course,  
 A dangerous ambush by ambition planted,  
 There may come raging riuers from this source,  
 To drowne your state whilst fancies are vndanted.

I know these new-borne monsters of your mind,  
 Haue arm'd your rauish'd thoughts with faire conceates,  
 Yet may these wonders that you haue diuin'd,  
 Proue traiterous proiects painted for deceates.

And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be  
 Too rashlie stout nor curiouſlie wiſe,  
 Lest that you from that which is certaine flee,  
 And not attaine to that which you deuise.

*Cræſ.* I grant indeed which very few shall know,  
 Though I designe but to relieue my friend,  
 My thoughts are aym'd (this vnto you ile show,)  
 And not without great cause, t'a greater end.

You see how Fortune nought but change affects,  
 Some are reproach'd that others may be prais'd,

And



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And euery age brings forth some strange effects,  
Some must be ruin'd, others must be raisd.

I doubt not you haue heard who was the first  
Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues,  
Who had of soueraigntie so great a thirst,  
That it could not be quenched with thousands liues.

T'was he who first obtain'd the name of *Ioue*,  
Who was reputed for his glorious acts,  
The most imperious of the powers aboue,  
That vowes and offrings of the world exacts.

He all his time could nought but terrour breathe,  
To make the world acquaint with waïre and dearth,  
The chieftest sergeants deputed by death,  
That made th' *Assirians* soueraignes of the earth.

Yet since his course the worlds first plague was past,  
His successours who many ages raign'd,  
Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last,  
And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd.

This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall,  
A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures,  
With losse of scepter, honour, life and all,  
Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures.

To that disastred Monarchies decay,  
Th' aspiring *Persians* purpose to succede,  
But I intend to crosse them by the way,  
And quaille their courage ere that they can speede.

The *Persians* once the *Lidians* force must proue,  
And, O who knowes but that it is ordain'd  
At the Tribunall of the States aboue,  
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd.

This all the host of heauen oftimes foretells,  
To this the gods of *Greece* my mind haue mou'd,  
And he that in th' *Arabian* desert dwells,  
By his response this enterprife approu'd.

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*San.* Thus still in loue with what we mind to do,  
What we affect we fairest still conceaue,  
This feedes our humour whilst we labour, to  
Seeme full of wit our selues for to deceaue.

You flatter so your selfe, you can not spye  
What secret danger this designe doth beare,  
But whilst I looke with an indifferent eye  
On your intentions, I find cause of feare.

You vnaduisdly purpose to pursue  
A barbarous people that are foes to peace,  
Who but by rapine to their greatnes grew,  
And would for each light cause the warres imbrace.

No daintie silks of the *Assirian* dye,  
Do deck their bodies to abase their mindes,  
But cloath'd with wild beasts skinnes they do defye  
The force of *Phæbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes.

They simplie feede and are not grieu'd each day,  
With stomacks cloyd decocting diuers meates,  
They fare not as they would, but as they may,  
Of iudgement found not carried with conceates.

These vncorrupted customes that they hold,  
Make all things easie that they feele no paine,  
This cooles the Sommers heate, kils Winters cold,  
This makes the Riuers dry, the Mountaines plaine.

Those whose ambition pouertie did bound,  
Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taste  
Will haue in hatred straight their barren ground,  
And insolentlie all our treasures waste.

To gouerne such although that you preuaile,  
You shall but buy vexation with your blood,  
And do your selfe and yours, if fortune faile,  
From a possessed Soueraigntie seclude.

Yea, though this rash desire your iudgement leades,  
I for my part must praise the gods for you,

I

That

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

That haue not put into the *Persians* heads,  
To warre against the *Lidians* long ere now.

*Cræs.* These flames that burne my brest must once burst  
Your counsaile for more quiet minds I leaue, (out,  
And be you still thought wise, so I proue stout,  
Ile conquer more, or lose the thing I haue.

*Calia.*

**Y**Et am I forc'd out of afflictions store,  
To ease my mind a few sad words to straine,  
And but vnload it now to load it more,  
I emptie but mine eyes to fill againe.

My foule must sound euen as my passions strike,  
Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischief,  
My breast and eyes are both accurst alike,  
The cabinet of care, the cells of griefe.

O cruell heauen, fierce starre, unhappie fate,  
Too foule iniustice of the diuine powres,  
Whose high disdain t'wards me with partiall hate,  
The comfort of the world (sad world) deuoures.

Curst be the day in which I first was borne,  
When lying tounge affirm'd I come to light,  
A monstrous blasphemie, a mightie scorne,  
Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night.

O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother,  
That the first houre had been the last to me,  
Then from one graue t'haue gone vnto another,  
I should haue dide to liue, not liu'd to die.

What profited to me my parents ioyes,  
That with such pomp did solemnize my birth,  
When I must be the mirrour of annoyes,  
And all my dayes taste but one dramme of mirth?  
Which seru'd for nothing but to make me know,

The



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

The height of horroure that was to succeed,  
I was but raisd vp high to be brought low,  
That short-liu'd ioyes might endlesse anguish breed.

That nothing might for my confusion lack,  
All my best actions but betray'd my state,  
My vertues too were guiltie of my wrack,  
And warr'd against me banded with my fate.

For whilst my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,  
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,  
My modest eye told that my mind was chaste:  
This gain'd the warrant of the worlds report,  
And Maides must haue a great respect to fame,  
No greater dowrie then an vnstain'd name.

Faire beauties Goddesse, thou canst beare record,  
My offering neuer made thine altar rich,  
All such lasciuious fancies I abhord,  
My free-borne thoughts no follie could bewitch.

Till happilie (ah so it seem'd to some)  
Ah but unhappelie th'euent hath prou'd:  
All this and more to *Atis* eares did come,  
Who straightway likt, and after liking lou'd:

Then to our eares his purpose did impart,  
Not lip-sick-louer-like with words farre sought,  
His toong was but the agent of his hart,  
Yet could not tell the tenth part of his thought.

And lest his trauels should haue seem'd to tend  
To breach my honour, worke my fames decay,  
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,  
And by th'effect, th'affection did bewray.

Their *Iuno* president of wedlockes vowe,  
And *Hymen* with his saffron-colour'd cote,  
Our loue with sacred customes did allow,  
Whilst th'ominous Owles no crosses did denote.

The blessing that this marriage did procure,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

It was too great to haue continu'd long,  
A thing that's vehement can not indure:  
Our ioyes farre past th'expressing of the toong,  
Who euer did full satisfaction finde,  
Yet with fatietie were neuer cloy'd,  
We seem'd two bodies gouern'd by one mind,  
Such was the happines that we enioy'd.

He lou'd me deerely, I obey'd his will,  
Prowd of my selfe because that I was his,  
A harmonic remaind betwixt vs still,  
Each in another plac'd their chiefest blisse.

This mou'd th'Immortalls to a high disdain,  
That thus two worldlings who of death were heires,  
Should in a paradise of ioyes remaine,  
Which did exceede, at least did equall theirs.

But chiefly *Iuno* did dispight it most,  
Who through a icalousie still iarres with *Ioue*,  
That bodie-prison'd soules of that could boast,  
Which she (although Heauens Queene) had not aboue.

Thus euen for enuy of our rare delights,  
The fatall Sisters by the heauens subborn'd,  
Of my soules treasure closd the louely lights,  
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.

O but he is not dead, he liues in me,  
Ah but I liue not, for I dide in him,  
The one without the other can not be,  
If death haue set his eyes, mine must looke dim.

Since to my sight that Sunne no more appeer'd,  
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes,  
A long ecclipse that neuer shall be cleer'd,  
Hath darkned all the points of my sad dayes.

Ay me! I liue too long, he dide too soone,  
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,  
Of him who told how this black deede was done.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The words like swords shall euer wound my hart.

Fierce tyrant Death, that in thy wrath didst take  
One halfe of me, and left an halfe behind,  
Take this to thee, or giue me th'other backe,  
Be altogether cruell, or all kind.

For whilst I liue, thou canst not wholly dye,  
O ! euen in spite of death, yet still my choyce,  
Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quick eye,  
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce.

And to content my languishing desire,  
Each thing to ease my mind some helpe affords,  
I fancie whiles thy forme, and then afire,  
In euery sound I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memorie to wound,  
I call to mind thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,  
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,  
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place!

My solitary walks, my widowd bed,  
My driery sighs, my sheets oft bathd with teares,  
These can record the life that I haue led  
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.

I liue but with despaire my sprite to dash,  
Thee first I lou'd, with thee all loue I leaue;  
For my chaste flames extinguishd in thy ash  
Can kindle now no more but in thy graue.

By night I wish for day ; by day for night ;  
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might bee;  
But most of all, that banishd from the light  
I were no more, their courses for to see.

At night revoluing my despaird estate,  
I go to summe with sighs my wonted ioyes,  
When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate  
Doth blot th'unperfect compt with new annoyes.

When Sleepe the eldest brother of pale Death,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Child of darkenesse, and Father of rest,  
In a free prison hath confinde my breath,  
That it may vent, but not with words exprest.

Then with my sprite thou enterst for to speake  
With honyed speaches to appease my grieffe,  
And my sad heart that labourd for to breake,  
In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe.

Yea, if our soules remaind vnited so,  
This late diuorcement would not vex my mind,  
But when I waken, it augments my woe,  
Whilst this a dreame, and me a wretch I find.

O happy, if I had been happy neuer,  
But happier, if my happinesse had lasted:  
Yet had I in this state chanc'd to perseuer,  
My dayes had with excessiue ioyes soone wasted.

Why waste I thus, whilst vainely I lament,  
The precious treasure of that swift Post Time?  
Ah! pardon me, (deare Loue) for I repent  
My lingring here, my Fate, and not my crime.

Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,  
In this spoild world, my eye no pleasure sees,  
And *Atis*, *Atis*, loe, I come, I come  
To be thy Mate, amongst the Mirtle trees.

C H O R U S.

**L**oe all our time euen from our birth,  
In nought but miserie exceeds,  
For where we find a moments mirth,  
A Month of mourning still succeeds,  
By all the euills that Nature breeds,  
Which daily do our sprites appall,  
Th' infirmities that frailtie sends,  
The losse of it, that fortune lends:

*And*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*And such disasters as oft fall:  
 Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,  
 Whil'st wretched man with man contends,  
 And eucry one his whole force bends,  
 How to procure anothers losses;  
 But this torments vs most of all,  
 The mind of man, which many a fancie tosses,  
 Doth forge vnto it selfe a thousand crosses.*

*O how the Soule with all her might  
 Doth all her heav'nly forces straine!  
 How to attaine vnto the light  
 Of Natures wonders, that remaine  
 Hid from our eyes, we strine in vaine  
 To seeke out things that are vn Timer:  
 In Sciences to seeme profound,  
 We dine so deepe we find no ground,  
 And the more knowledge we procure,  
 The more it doth our minds allure,  
 Of mysteries the depth to sound:  
 Thus our desires we neuer bound,  
 Which by degrees thus drawne on still,  
 The memorie may not indure:  
 But like the tubs that Danaus daughters fill,  
 Doth drinke no faster then it's forc'd to spill.*

*Yet how comes this? and O how can  
 Diuine Knowledge the Soules chiefe treasure  
 Occasion such a crosse to man?  
 That should afford him greatest pleasure:  
 O it's because we cannot measure  
 The limits that to it belong!  
 But for to tempt forbidden things,  
 Do soare too high with Natures wings:*

*Still*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Still weakest whilst we thinke vs strong,  
The Heau'ns that thinke we do them wrong,  
To trie what in suspence still hings,  
This crosse vpon vs iustly brings:  
With knowledge, knowledge is confus'de,  
And growes a grieve ere it belong.  
That which a blessing is, being rightly vs'de,  
Doth grow the greatest crosse, when it's abus'de.*

*Ab! what auails this vnto vs,  
Who in this vaile of woes abide,  
With endlesse toile to studiethus,  
To learne the thing that Heau'n wou'd hide:  
And trusting in too blind a guide,  
To spie the Planets how they moue,  
And too transgressing common barres  
The constellat[i]on of the starres,  
And all that is decreed aboue,  
Whercof as oft th'euent doth prone,  
Th'intelligence our welfare marres,  
And in our breasts breeds endlesse warres,  
Whilst what our Horoscopes foretell,  
Our expectations do disproue,  
Those apprehend'd plagues proue such a Hell,  
That we would wish t'vnknow them till they fell.*

*This is the pest of great Estates;  
They by a thousand meanes deuise  
How to foreknow their doubtfull Fates,  
And like new Giants scale the Skies,  
Heau'ns secret store-house to surprise:  
Which sacriligious skill we see  
With what great payne they apprehend it,  
And then how foolishly they spend it,*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.**To learne the thing that once must be:**Why should we seeke our destinie?**If it be good, we long attend it,**If it be euill, none may amend it;**Such knowledge further rest exiles,**T'is best to abide the Heau'ns decree,**It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles,**Do change their fate & make their Fortune wheelles.**And loe of late, what hath our King**By his prepos'trous trauels gaind,**In searching each particular thing**That Atis Horoscope containd;**But what the Heau'ns had once ordaind,**He could not by no meanes preuent,**And yet he labours to find out**Through all the Oracles about,**Of future things th'vn'sure euent,**This doth his rauing mind torment,**Now in his age vnwisely stout**To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt**The Heauens are grien'd for to heare told**Long ere the time their hid intent.**Let Tantalus b'a terror to th'o're-bold**That dare Ioues cloudy secrecies vnfold.**Act. V. Scen. I.**CYRVS. HARPAGVVS.*

**G**Oe, Let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls,  
Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes,  
Who forfeited their glorie by their falles;

*K**No*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No hand that fights is pure, but that which winnes.

The ravisht world that fraught with doubts did stand,  
To see the bloody end of this dayes toyle,  
Saw how the Heau'ns placd lightning in my hand,  
To thunder on all those that fought my foyle.

Now therefore let vs first deuoutly go  
And lose our vowes, the gods detest th'ingrate,  
And who delight t'adore their deities so,  
Do neuer faile t'establish their estate.

Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred places  
With Bullocks, Incense, Odours of all kinds,  
Though none can giue the gods that flow in graces  
A sweeter Sacrifice then thankefull minds.

*Har.* Though all that indenized in this Vale  
Walke here confinde within this fertile Round,  
And are tapestred with this azure Pale,  
T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound.

Yet there are some particularly, I find,  
Whose names are written in their dearest scrowles,  
Whom extraordinary fauours bind,  
Euen to prefer them to their very Soules.

Of which (Sir) you are one, your deeds declare,  
Of you amidst innumerable broyles,  
Euen from your cradle they haue had a care,  
And led you safe through all your greatest toyles.

Though of the dangers of your youth I see  
The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes;  
Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be  
An Actor in your Tragick-Comick fortunes.

*Cyr.* The accidents that in our Nonage chance,  
When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought  
Like fabulous dreames that Darknesse doth aduance,  
And are by Day disdaind as things of nought.

For our Conceptions are not then so strong

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

As for to leaue th'impresſion long behind,  
Yet mixe ( deare Friend ) old griefes new Ioyes among,  
And call afflicted Infancy to mind.

*Har.* Who would not wonder at thy wondrous Fate,  
Whoſe ruine ere thy Birth appeard conſpir'd:  
Who vnbeſeene, ſeemd to expire that date,  
Which now begun, ſhall neuer be expir'd.

Your Mother firſt her Syre with cares did ſting,  
While as he dreamd, which yet his ſoule confounds,  
That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree ſpring,  
Which did o're-ſhadow all great *Aſiaes* bounds.

Then to the Magies ſtrait he gaue in charge,  
To trie what this ſtrange Viſion did preſage,  
Who hauing ſtudied their darke Art at large,  
Gaue this reſponſe with a prophetick rage.

That once his Daughter ſhould bring forth a Sonne,  
For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd,  
By whom th'Empire of *Aſia* ſhould be wonne;  
By whom his Grandfather ſhould be vncrownd.

This to *Aſtiages* a terrour bredde,  
Who labouring to annul the heau'ns decree,  
Aduiſde as beſt his Daughter for to wedde  
T'a powreleſſe ſtranger, but of baſe degree.

Then of *Cambifeſ* he by chance made choyce,  
And for his barb'rous Countries cauſe the rather,  
Whom by your birth the Princeſſe did reioyce,  
And further then before affright her Father.

Thus tyrannie by feeble ſprites begun,  
Doth force the Parents in deſpaire to fall,  
A daſtard to attempt, proud hauing wonne,  
Which being feard of all, doth ſtill feare all.

And tyrants no ſecuritie can find,  
For euery ſhadow frights a guiltie mind.  
This Monarch, whom ſcarce Armies could ſurpriſe,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Whom gallant Guards and stately Courts delighted,  
Who triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned the Skies,  
A Babe scarce borne, come of himsele, affrighted.

And whilst *Lucina* the last helpe did make,  
As if some vgly Monster had been borne,  
A Minotoure, a Centaure or a Snake,  
The worlds terror, and the Mothers scorne.

The Nephews birth, that would haue seemd t'impart  
Vnto the Grandfather great cause of ioyes,  
As if the naked hand had pierc'd his hart,  
Did winde him in a maze of sad annoyes.

And to preuent a but suspected spight,  
By giuing an occasion of iust hate,  
He sought by robbing you the new-found Light,  
To make your birth and buriall of one date.

Soone after this he sent for me in hast,  
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lou'd,  
Then shewd me all the circumstances past,  
Wherewith his marble mind seemd nothing mou'd:

Out of the which, as he would let me know,  
All complements of pittie were not blotted,  
He would this superficiall fauour show,  
Not with your blood to haue his owne hands spotted.

Thus hauing lulld asleepe the conscience, still  
The wicked would extenuate their crimes,  
Not knowing those that but allow of ill,  
Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times.

Yet with his fault he would haue burdend me,  
And willd that I an Innocent should slay,  
I promise to performe his rash decree,  
Well weighing whom, but not wherein t'obay.

When I had parted from his Highnesse face,  
And caried you (then swadled) with me too,  
Through th'apprehended horror of my case,

~

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I stood perplex'd and wist not what to do.

Necessitie tooke place, I waild with teares  
Th'vntimely funeralls (as I thought) of you,  
My soule confounded with a swarme of feares,  
Did with sad sighes my message disallow.

Yet t'him I send a seruant of mine owne,  
Who for the time was Herds-man to the King,  
To whom I made all my commission knowne,  
But as direct to him shew'd euery thing.

Deliuering you with an vnwilling breath,  
Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd,  
I threatned him with many a cruell death,  
If that your death were any way delay'd.

Straight for to execute th'intended doome,  
He from my sight did all astonish'd go :  
Too great a charge for such a simple groome,  
The shew of Maiestie amaz'd him so.

O what a wonder is't for to behold,  
Th'vnfailing prouidence of powrefull Ioue,  
Whose brazen edicts can not be controld,  
Firme are the statutes of the states aboue.

That mortall whom th'Immortalls fauour shields,  
No worldlie force is able to confound,  
He may securely walke through dangers fields,  
Times and occasions are t'attend him bound.

For loe before the Herds-man was come home,  
His wife of a dead burden was deliuered,  
Who wondred so to see her Husband come,  
That with a secret terrour faintlie shiuered.

She straight grew curious for to know the forme  
How he a Babe so beawtifull obtaind,  
Who did her suddainly of all informe,  
And to what crueltie he was constraind.

She quickly then th'occasion to imbrace,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No doubt inspir'd by some celestially powre,  
Prayd him t' expose her dead child in your place,  
Yet where no beasts repair'd him to deuoure :

So shall we haue (saith she) a double gaine,  
Our off-spring shall receiue a stately tombe,  
And we a princely infant, to remaine  
Still nurst with vs as th' issue of my wombe.

The Husband likt so well his Wiues intent,  
That all what she affected he effected,  
And soone I had one of my household sent,  
To try if all were done as t' was directed :

He seeing the babe dead, dead in that weed,  
With that rich funerall furniture about him,  
Told what the fellow told, and I indeed  
Reposd on his report, for who could doubt him ?

In end, Time posting with houre-feth' red wings,  
Had giuen you strength with others of your yeeres,  
You past the time, not nephews vnto Kings,  
But for that time admitted for your peeres.

They faile, call Fortune blind, she sight bewrayd,  
And your authoritie by lot inlarg'd,  
In pasturall sports who still the scepter swayd,  
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd.

Then with the other children as it chanc'd,  
A noble man of *Medeas* sonne remaind,  
Who swolne with enuy to see you aduanc'd,  
Your childish charge with scornefull words disdaind.

You spighting at that proud attempt of his,  
Did punish him as it became a Prince :  
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke on this,  
The rest of rashnes did your deed conuince.

*Cyr.* More mightie matters now to muse vpon,  
My memorie with the remembrance cloy,  
That those are all forgot, and yet tell on,

For



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For I delight to heare this childish toy.

*Harpa.* The father of the child inform'd the King  
How such a base-borne boy abusd his sonne,  
And causd an Esquire straightway you to bring,  
To suffer for the fault that you had done.

And when the King accusd you in his sight,  
As the presumptuous brat of a base clowne,  
You boldlie did maintaine that you had right  
To scourge one that rebeld against your crowne.

The King astonish'd at th'imperious words  
Of one so magnanimous, and so yong,  
Doth pawse awhile, and straightway he records,  
That you were you, and I had done him wrong.

The tortour to the Net-heard was presented,  
Who soone for feare confest (O suddaine change)  
The King as seem'd exceedingly contented,  
Sent one for me to heare the tidings strange.

And as he had good cause, in shew delighted,  
Did for a solemne Sacrifice prepare,  
And me as his most speciall guest inuited,  
Who with my sonne did straight to Court repaire.

When light was banish'd by nights shaddowie sable,  
The candles by his forfait taking place,  
They seru'd me with my sonnes flesh at the table,  
Then did vpbraid me with his bloodlesse face.

What anguish, or what rage ore-flow'd my soule,  
A louing father may imagin best,  
Yet at that time I did my rage controule,  
But laid it vp for euer in my brest.

*Cyr.* Some of the wise men then I heard remain'd,  
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,  
Saying, no danger was since I had raignd,  
And so dismiss me for my natie soyle:

Where when I had my vnripe season spent,

Your

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Your Letter came to giue my fire new fuell,  
And told how many of the *Medes* were bent,  
T'abandon their owne Lord that prou'd so cruell :

And wish'd if to that Scepter I aspir'd,  
That I should moue the *Persians* to rebell,  
Which did succeed euen as my soule desir'd,  
For they disdain'd in seruitude to dwell.

I plac'd my gallant troupes in warlike ordour,  
And lest th'occasion should haue slipt away,  
March'd with my armie to my enemyes bordour,  
Whereas you had the conduct for that day.

*Harpa.* Lo how those wretches that the heau'ns would  
Are spoild of iudgement : that proud Tirant offred (wrack  
The charge to me not thinking I would take  
A high reuenge for th'iniurie I suffred,

Which was so deepe lie rooted in my hart,  
My countryes thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,  
And all the horrors that death could impart,  
Seem'd nought to me so my disdain tooke place.

*Cyr.* T'is dangerous trusting one that's wrong'd we see,  
Iust rancour vnreueng'd can neuer die.

*Harpa.* That was the first beginning of your glorie,  
Which since hath been augmented by degrees,  
And which by time may breed so braue a storie,  
As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.

*Cyr.* Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinded,  
Durst come t'encounter with my warlike bands,  
And through a long prosperitie high-minded,  
Was not affrayd to fall before my hands.

But he and his confederates haue seene,  
How Victorie doth still my troupes attend,  
And *Persia* must be once all *Asiæ's* Queene,  
Or we shall warre vnto the worlds end.

Now *Cræsus* is ore-come rich *Sardis* taken,

And



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

And *Lidia* fraught with gold is made our spoyle,  
Th' *Egyptians* haue th' vnprosp'rous league forsaken,  
This is the happie end of all our toyle.

But ah one sowre vnseasons all my sweetes,  
Braue *Abradatus* my brother in armes,  
Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleetes,  
And with his loue each generous courage warmes.

Whilst but ouer-bold for to be backt so badlie,  
Th' *Egyptian* Chariots desperatlie he charg'd:  
There with euill-fortun'd valour fighting madlie,  
His soule out of th' earths prison was enlarg'd.

*Harpa.* No doubt that dame this trouble hardlie beares,  
Who only seem'd for him t'account of life:  
I heard him whilst she bath'd his Coach with teares,  
Wish to proue worthie of so rare a wife.

When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,  
She kist the Coach that did containe her trust,  
And with eyes big with pearle gaz'd where he went,  
Still till her sight was choak'd with cloudes of dust.

*Cyr.* I heare you haue not heard how his death prou'd  
The black beginning of a bloudie scene,  
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mou'd,  
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene.

The bodie that had oft her fancies fir'd  
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deere, though dead,  
But being to *Pactolus* banks retir'd,  
She in her bosome did entombe his head.

And then from rage she did some respite borrow,  
For sorrow by degrees a passage seekes,  
Vapouring forth sighes that made a cloude of sorrow,  
A tempest then of teares rain'd downe her cheekes.

And whilst her eye the wonted obiect misses,  
She many a languishing looke doth cast,  
And on the senselesse lips still lauish'd kisses,

L

As



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

As affectionedlie as in times past.

I boasted thither for to haue releeu'd  
This Ladie of a portion of her woes,  
Heauen beare me witnes I was greatlie grieu'd,  
Who would, to saue one friend, spare hosts of foes.

She first a space me passionatlie eyde,  
Then with these words her lips did flowlie moue,  
My husband loe hath valourouslie dyde,  
Well worthie of your friendship, and my loue.

When I had all the flowres of comfort vnde,  
That a sad soule o'recharg'd with grieve could show,  
I went away with words that were confusde,  
And scarcely could my last farewell forth throw.

I was not well departed from her face,  
When as she char'gd the Eunuchs out of sight,  
Then pray'd her nurse to burie in one place  
Her and her Lord, as they deseru'd of right.

Then looking on his corps she drew a sword,  
And euen as if her soule had flowne in him,  
She stabd her selfe, then falling on her Lord,  
Her beauties blubbered starres were waxing dim.

The faithfull Eunuchs for their Sou'raigne sorie,  
And scorning to suruiue so rare a date,  
In emulation of their mistresse glorie,  
Dide violentlie partners of her fate.

O sweet *Panthea* rich in rarest parts!  
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone,  
Who mightst haue made a monarchie of harts,  
Yet loth'd vnlawfull loues, and lou'd but one.

O wondrous wonders, wonders wondrous rare!  
A woman constant, such a beautie chaste,  
So pure a mind ioyn'd with a face so faire,  
Beautie and Vertue in one person placde!

Both were well match'd as any could deuise,

Whose

*The Tragedie of Cræsus*

Whose vndiuided end their choyce allowes,  
He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,  
She worthie such a mate, he such a spouse.

And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,  
The memorie of vertuous minds may dye,  
Cause build a stately tombe with statues wrought,  
Where their dead bodies may respected lye.

*Har.* I'll raise a Piramide of *Cræsus* spoyles,  
Where all their famous parts shall be comprisde,  
But how t'insist in these tumultuous broyles,  
T'is best now (Sir) that you were well aduisde.

Your aduersarie doth attend your will,  
This hautie citie humbled hath her crest,  
And therefore go to pardon, or to kill,  
To saue, or sack, euen as you shall thinke best.

*Cyr.* As for old *Cræsus* I am else resolu'd,  
He with some captiues which I keep in store,  
Shall haue their bodies by the fire dissolu'd,  
As offrands to the Gods that I adore.

This citie shall my souldiers paines defray,  
Since by their force it hath been brought to bow,  
I yeeld it vnto them as their iust pray,  
Who taste the sweetnes of their trauels now.

Of other things we shall so well dispose,  
That our renowne o're all the world shall shine,  
Till *Cyrus* name b'a terrour to all those,  
That dare against his Sou'raintie repine.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Act. V. Scen. II.

NUNTIVS. CHORVS.

**A**H to what part shall I my steps addresse,  
The burden of base bondage to eschue?  
Lo, desolation, ruine, and distresse,  
With horreur doth my natiue home pursue.

And now poore countrey take my last farewell,  
Farewell all ioy, all comfort, all delight:

*Chor.* What heauie tidings hast thou for to tell,  
That tear'st thy garments thus, tell thy sad plight?

*Nun.* I tell the wrack of vs, and all that liue  
Within the circuit of this wretched foyle.

*Cho.* A hideous shout we heard the Citie giue,  
Is't in th'enemies hands, is't made his spoyle? (kild?

*Nun.* It's made his spoyle. *Cho.* And is our Sou'raigne

*Nun.* No, but yet neerely scapt doth liue in danger.

*Cho.* Then let our eares be with disasters fild,  
And must we beare the yoke of that prowd stranger?

*Nun.* You know how *Cræsus* at th'aduantage lay,  
Still seeking meanes t'abate the *Persians* pride,  
And his confederates had assign'd a day  
When they should for th'intended warre prouide.

But *Cyrus* hauing heard how that they should  
Against his state so great an armie bring,  
Straight raising all the forces that he could,  
Preuents, inuades, o'recomes and takes our King.

*Chor.* This shews a Captaine both expert and braue,  
First well t'aduise, then t'execute with speede:  
No circumstance (friend) vnrelated leaue,  
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

*Nun.* When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,  
He stood awhile with a distracted minde,

Yet



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Yet what time would permit, left nought vndone,  
But made his Musters, march'd his Foe to find.

Our stately Troupes that glisterd all with gold,  
And with vmbragious Feathers fann'd the ayre,  
They with vnwarie insolence growne bold,  
More how to triumph, then to o'recome, tooke care.

The *Lidian* Horsemen are of great account,  
And are for valour through the world renownd,  
Them *Cyrus* chiefly labourd to surmount,  
And this deuise for that effect was found.

Vntrussing all their baggage by the way,  
Of the disburthen'd Camels each did beare  
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himselfe array  
Euen as the *Persian* Horsemen vse to weare.

To them th'Infanterie did follow next,  
A solide Squadron like a brasen wall,  
But those in whom all confidence was fixt,  
The braue Cauallerie came last of all.

Then *Cyrus* by the raynes his Courser tooke,  
And being mounted, holding out his handes,  
With an assured and Imperious looke  
Went breathing valour through th'vnconquer'd bandes.

He willd all them that at Deaths game should striue,  
To spare none of their foes in any forme,  
But as for *Cræsus*, to take him aliue,  
And keepe him captiue for a greater storme.

Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* poste  
In his broad waues t'entombe his strength and name,  
Our Armie ran against a greater Hoste  
T'enrich it likewise with our force and fame.

Our Troupes a time with equall valour stood,  
Till giuing place, at length we tooke the chace,  
While as the Riuer ranne to hide our blood,  
But still his borders blusht at our disgrace.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For so soone as the Camels once were come,  
Our Horses loathing to indure their sight,  
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some  
Disordring rancks, put many to the flight.

Yet others that were of more martiall mindes,  
Perceiu'd the Stratagem that did deride them,  
And lighting on their feet, like mighty windes,  
Bare downe before them all that durst abide them.

There, whilst the world proou'd prodigall of breath,  
The headlesse troncks lay prostrated in heapes,  
This field of funeralls, proper vnto death,  
Did paint out Horror in most hideous shapes.

There men vnhorse, horses vnmastr'd, strayed,  
Some call'd on them whom they most dearly tendred,  
Some ragde, some groand, some sigh'd, roard, wept & prayd,  
Fighting, fainting, falling, desp'rate, maymde, rendred.

Those that escapt, like beasts vnto a Den,  
Fled to a Fortresse, which true valour drownes,  
Walles are for women, and the fields for men,  
For Townes cannot keepe men, but men keepe Townes.

And we were scarcely entred at the Portes,  
When as the enemies did the Towne inclose,  
And rearing many artificiall Fortes,  
To the Defenders did huge paines impose.

There all the military flights werere found,  
Which at the like encounters had preuaild,  
Both for to vse th'aduantage of the ground,  
Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild.

They euer compassing our Trench about,  
Still where the Walls were weakeft, made a breach,  
Which being straight repaired, we threw tooles out,  
And killd all those that came within our reach.

There all the bolts of death edgde by disdaine,  
That many curious wits inclinde to ill,

Helpt



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Helpt by th'occasion, and the hope of gaine,  
Had powre t'inuent, were put in practise still.

Yet as we see, it oft times hath occurde,  
Where we suspected least, we were surprisde,  
Whilst fortune and the fates in one concurrde  
To haue our ruine in their rolles comprisde.

The side of *Sardis* that was least regarded,  
Which lyes t'wards *Tmolus*, and was thought most sure,  
Through this presumption, whilst t'was weakely guarded,  
Th'orethrow of all *Lidia* did procure.

As one of ours (vnhappily it chanc'd)  
T'o're-take his helmet that had scapt his hand,  
Alongst that steepy part his steps aduanc'd  
And was returning backe vnto his Band:

He was well markt by one that had not spard  
No kind of danger for to make vs thrallcs,  
For *Cyrus* had proposde a great reward  
To any one that first could scale our walles.

And this companion seeing without stay,  
One in his sight that craggie passage clim,  
Straight followd on his footsteps all the way,  
And many a thousand followd after him.

By whom all those that durst resist were killd,  
The rest were forc'd, and knew not where to flee:  
For euery street was with confusion filld,  
There was no corner from some mischiefe free.

O what a piteous clamour did arise,  
Of rauisht virgins, and of widowd wiues!  
Who pierc'd the heau'ns with lamentable cries,  
And hauing lost all comfort, loathd their liues.

Whilst those prowd Victors did insist t'haue staind  
Themselues with all the wrongs that such like vse,  
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restraind,  
And durst no more their captiues thus abuse.

*Chor.*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Chor.* No doubt but desolation then abounded,  
Whilst with disdain the Conqu'rors bosom boylde,  
Some with the sword, some with disgrace confounded,  
Sacred Temples, priuate houses, all were spoylde.

None can imagine greater miserie  
Then all the sufferings of a captiu'd Citie.  
But whilst this famous Citie was distressed,  
What could become of the hard-fortun'd King?

*Nun.* He seeing th'enemie of his State possessed,  
And that confusion seazde on euery thing,  
Stood first amazd, scarce trusting his owne sight,  
His former fortune had him so transported,  
Yet it is hard for to deny the light,  
He saw a stranger that his wealth extorted.

And when that he had deeply apprehended  
Th'vnbounded horrors that o'reflow'd his soule,  
As one whose Ioyes had long before been ended,  
He could no more the signes of grieve controule.

But bursting out in bitter sighs and teares,  
Plungde in the deepest depth of blacke despaire,  
Through o're great feare, leauing all kind of feares,  
Did of his safetie take no further care,

And neuer wisht he so for a long life,  
But he o're-wisht it, wishing for death now,  
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,  
Prouiding that he dyde, he car'd not how.

Whilst thus he fostred furies in his breast,  
A certaine souldier by the way him meetes,  
As insolent as any of the rest,  
That drunke with blood, ran raging through the streetes:

And seeking but an obiect to his ire,  
He made to him, and he to him againe,  
I wot not which of them did most desire,  
Th'one for to slay, or th'other to be slaine.

But

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

But whilst so base a hand towring aloft,  
Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,  
His eldest Sonne, that as you haue heard oft,  
Was barrd from the right function of his breath.

I cannot tell you well, nor in what fashion,  
If that the destinies had so ordaind,  
Or if the vehemency of his passion  
Did breake the strings that had his tongue restraind.

But when he saw his Syre in such a danger,  
He bursted forth into those words the rather,  
Hold, hold thy hand in haste thou furious stranger,  
Kill not King *Cræsus*, murther not my Father.

The other hearing this, his hand retyrde,  
Then call'd his Kings commandement to minde,  
And to no small preferment he aspyrde,  
To whom this desert did his Sou'raigne binde.

Now, when that *Cræsus*, who for death did languish,  
Was of this faire occasion disappointed,  
O're-chargd with griefe, and surfeiting of anguish,  
To see himselfe for further euils appointed.

He with sad sighs those syllables did accord,  
Now cruell destinie do what thou can,  
Which would not vnto me the grace afford  
That I might perish like a priuate man.

Ah! must I liue to wish t'haue been vnborne,  
Charaëtring shame in a deiected face?  
Ah! must I liue to my perpetuall scorne,  
The finger-pointed obiect of disgrace?

Yet this vnto his soule more sorrow bred,  
He King-like as in former times arrayde,  
Was with a mightie acclamation led  
Strait to the Tent whereas their Emp'rour stayde.

So soone as *Cyrus* got him in his powre,  
He causde bring bands of yron, burd'nous chaines,

M

And



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And clogd him hand and foot at that same howre,  
As one that was design'd for grievous paines.

Then causde in haste a pile of wood to make,  
And in the midst where all men might espy him,  
Causde bind the captiu'd King vnto a stake,  
With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by him.

There, as th'oblation for his Victorie,  
With sacred flames their bodies to combure,  
Although *Ioue* hates preposterous pietie,  
And doth delight in offrings that are pure.

Now whilst the fires were kindling round about,  
As one that to some powrefull god had vowd,  
With eyes bent vp, and with his hands stretcht out,  
O *Solon*, *Solon*, *Cræsus* cride aloud.

Some hearing him to vtter such a voyce,  
And seeing *Cyrus* curious for to know,  
Now of what Deitie dying he made choyce,  
Did pray him liberally his mind to show.

He answered; vpon one in wit profound  
He calld, with whom he wisht, if it might be,  
That all the Rulers of th'inferior round  
Had had some conference as well as he.

For he had told him whilst his fortune lasted,  
As one expert in good aduises giuing,  
That all his flowres of blisse might soone be blasted,  
And could not be accomplisht he being liuing.

Then he proceeded for to shew at length  
The Dialogue twixt *Solon* and twixt him,  
Who prayd him not to trust in worldly strength,  
By which vnto true blisse no man could clim.

This speech mou'd *Cyrus* deeply, for to ponder  
The great vncertaintie of worldly things,  
As thinking that himselfe might be brought vnder,  
Who had no priuiledge more then other Kings.

Then



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

Then hauing such a paterne plac'd before him,  
Whose farre-changd fortune throughly was revolu'd,  
He freely did his libertie restore him,  
And willd him from the fire to be absolu'd.

O now Deuotion! well appeard thy force,  
Which bindes the earth and opens vp to Heauen,  
In the celestiall breasts a deepe remorse  
Was strangely wrought whilst *Cræsus* prayd; for euen  
Whileas the flashing flames, in vaine to quench,  
All men did labour, but could do no good,  
The cloudes were open and a showre did drench  
The fire ashes of the flaming wood.

Now whilst that *Cræsus* comming from the fire,  
Saw ruthles sould'ers sacking all the Citie,  
To saue the same he had a great desire,  
And spake to *Cyrus* melting all in pitie.

Great Prince, for famous Victories renownd,  
Who dost in armes all others so surmount,  
That it contents me much to be vncrownd  
By one so worthie, and in such account:

And since I am constraind your thrall to be,  
I must conforme my selfe vnto my fate,  
And cannot hold my pace whereas I see  
Ought to preiudge the greatnes of your State,

Which ah! is wounded now with your owne powres,  
Whilst this rich Citie is sackt and o'rethrowne,  
It is not mine no more, no, it is yours,  
And therefore (Sir) haue pitie of your owne.

Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,  
That's rich, that's yours, your mind could nothing moue,  
Yet thinke of this that doth import your Crowne;  
A piece of policie which time will proue.

The barb'rous *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,  
Who but for pouertie first followd you,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Their matchlesse worth in armes all *Asia* findes,  
Their feare is fall'n vpon all Nations now.

But if you suffer them in such a fort  
T'enrich themselues with plenteous *Lidiaes* spoile,  
Not able then their Conquest to support,  
The Victor of the vanquisht gets the foile.

For this will make them wealthie out of measure:  
Wealth to confusion many a Countrie leades;  
Whilst feebled with delights, in-vilde with pleasure,  
No thought of honour harbours in their heads.

Then *Cyrus* strait approuing what he spake,  
His souldiers from their pillage were restraind,  
Pretending first the tenth part for to take,  
As a rich offering for the Gods ordaind.

Of our distresse, this is the ruthfull storie;  
A stranger is posselt of this Prouince;  
Our King hath with the losse of all his glorie  
Bought breath a while, a poore thing for a Prince.

*Chor.* O wofull people! O vnhappy King!  
Our ioyes are spoyld, his happinesse expyrde,  
And no new chance can any comfort bring  
To either now, whose fall the Fates conspyrde.

Goe wofull messenger, hold on thy course,  
For to haue heard too much, it yrks our eares,  
We euer must bewaile thy sad discourse,  
Accented with sighs, and poynted with teares.

*Exeunt.*

*Cræsus.*

**W**Hat needs me more of my mishap to pause?  
Though I haue tasted of afflictions cup,  
Yet it may be, the gods for a good cause  
Haue cast me downe to raise a thousand vp.

*And*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And neuer let a Monarch after me,  
Trust in betraying titles glorious bates,  
Who with such borrow'd feathers rashlie flee,  
Fall melted with the wrath of greater states.

O had this pretious wit enrich'd my mind,  
Which by experience I haue dearely bought,  
Whilst fortune was within my court confind,  
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought.

Then satisfide with Soueraignties earst prou'd,  
I had disdain'd new dangers to imbrace,  
And cloath'd with maiestie, admir'd and lou'd,  
Had liu'd with pleasure, and had dide in peace.

Yet it is wonderfull in any state,  
To see a worldling prosper, and not prowd;  
But chieflie we whose fortunes grow so great,  
It's hard for vs to haue our high thoughts bowd.

What could the world afford, or man affect,  
Which did not glad my soule whilst I was such?  
Who now am past the compasse of respect,  
Plagu'd with prosperitie, clog'd with too much.

Long lul'd asleep with scornefull fortunes lyes,  
A slaue to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,  
I made a couenant with my wandring eyes,  
T'haue entertain'd them still with pleasant sights.

I held not from my heart none of her wishes,  
But wallowing in vaine-glorie this worlds toy,  
Still seru'd with daintie, but suspitious dishes,  
My soule was sick with pleasure, faint for ioy.

There wanted nothing that might help to ease me,  
All did diuine my will, ayme at my thought,  
And striue to do that which they trow'd would please me,  
Which if I but allowd, no more was sought.

What euer come of me was held of waight,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My words were ballanc'd and my lookes were marked,  
Those whom I grac'd were had in honour straight,  
All speeches in my praises were embarked.

I in magnificence exceld all Kings,  
Whilst drowfie in securitie I slumbred,  
My coffers still were full of pretious things,  
My treasure infinite could not be numbred.

I reard rare buildings all embost with gold,  
Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wild beasts,  
And with transported fancies vncontrold,  
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.

I seem'd t'vsurp the powre that earst was *Ioues*,  
And of the Elements the course would change,  
For stately fountaines, artificiall groues,  
These were so common, they were not thought strange

With me (what more could any Monarch craue)  
In all the parts of pomp none could compare,  
My minions gallant, my counsellours graue,  
My guards were strong, my concubines were faire :

Yea ere my state was cast vpon this shelve,  
I wanted nought that could with seeming merites  
Breed wonder in the world, pride in ones selfe,  
For to puffed vp the flesh and spoile the spirits.

Thus pressing with delight the grapes of pleasure,  
I quafft with Fortune still sense-pleasing vines,  
Till drunke with wealth, and riotous out of measure,  
I card not to cousume all *Tmolus* mines.

Then wearie to be well, and tir'd of rest,  
T'engender discord I th'occasion sought,  
Yet for to cloake th'ambition of my brest,  
Did with deuotion long disguise my thought.

I send of all the Oracles to inquire,  
What was to come of this intended warre,

Who

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Who said as seem'd to second my desire,  
That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.

Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,  
In hope t'expugne th'imperious *Persians* powres,  
Did ruine quite whilst all succeeded ill,  
What many a age had conquer'd in few howres.

And this most wondrous is, because most strange,  
I who disdain'd an equall of before,  
(What cannot Fortune do, being bent to change)  
Must a Superior now serue, and adore?

What eye not fraught with scorne my state surueyes?  
Whom Fates haue forc'd for to o're-lieue my shame,  
And in mine enemies danger for some dayes,  
But borrowd with the intrest of my fame.

Though this sweet gale of life, bestowing windes,  
Would seeme a fauour (so it seemes to some,  
Who by the baseness of their muddie mindes,  
Shew of th'ignoble multitude they come)

I scorne vnlike my selfe for to be seene,  
Though to my comfort this appeard to tend,  
As if that all misfortunes past had beene,  
A Tragicke entrie to a Comicke end.

Of all that plague my state the greatest pest  
It is base life, that faints from th'earth to seuer,  
And hath in one vnited all the rest,  
To make me die each day, and yet die neuer.

Life in my breast no comfort can infuse,  
An enemies gift could neuer come for good,  
It but giues time of miserie to muse,  
And bathe my sorrowes in a bitter flood.

Ah ! had my breath euanish'd with my blisse,  
And closde the windowes that giue light to life,  
I had not apprehended as it is

The

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The height of my mishaps that now are rife :

Whilst with a thousand sighes I call to mind,  
The death of *Atis* and mine owne decay,  
My sprite in such perplexitie I find,  
That to liues passage I would faine make way.

But since I see reseru'd for further spight,  
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,  
My memorie t'a melancholious spright,  
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule.

Of which while as th'account I go to cast,  
Th'enormities still numbring of my fate,  
Ile whiles looke back vpon my pleasures past,  
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

CHORVS.

**I**S't not a wonder for to see  
How by experience each man reedes,  
In practiz'd volumes pen'd by deeds,  
Th'inconstant courses that there bee,  
Yet whilst our selues continue free,  
We ponder oft, but not apply,  
That pretious oyle, which we might buy  
Best with the price of others paines;  
Which as what nought to vs pertaines,  
To vse we will not condescend,  
As if we might the Fates defye,  
While as vntouch'd our state remaines :  
But soone the heau'ns a change may send,  
No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seede,  
The apt-conceauing womb of th'earth,

And



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*And seeme t' expell all feare of dearth,  
 With the increase that it may breede,  
 Yet dangers do our hopes exceede,  
 The frosts may first with cold confound  
 The tender greens that deck the ground,  
 Whose wrath though th' Aprils smiles assuage,  
 It hath t' abide th' Eolian rage,  
 Which t' orepassse whilst we attend,  
 T' haue Ceres wandring tresses bound,  
 The raines let from their cloudie cage,  
 May spoyle what we expect to spend,  
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

*Lo whilst the Vine-tree great with grapes  
 With nectard liquor strives to kisse  
 Th' embracing Elme not lou'd amisse:  
 Those clusters loose their comely shapes,  
 Whilst by the thunder burnd in heapes,  
 All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish:  
 Thus many a thing doth fairely flourish,  
 That no perfection can attaine,  
 And yet we worldlings are so vaine,  
 That our conceats we highlie bend,  
 If fortune but our spring-time cherrish,  
 Though we haue stormes for to sustaine,  
 Ere to the haruest our yeeres ascend,  
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

*By all that in this world haue place,  
 There is a course that must be runne,  
 And let none iudge himselfe t' haue wonne,  
 Till he haue finish'd first his race,  
 The forrests through the which we trace,*

N

Breed

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Breed rauenous beasts that do abhorre vs,  
And lye in wait for to deuoure vs,  
Whilst brambles do our steps beguile,  
The feare of which though we exile,  
And to our marke with gladnes tend,  
Then balles of gold are laid before vs,  
To entertaine our thoughtes a while,  
And our good meaning to suspend,  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*Behold how Cræsus long hath liu'd,  
Throughout this spacious world admir'd,  
And hauing all that he desir'd  
A thousand meanes of ioy contriu'd,  
Yet now is suddenly depriv'd  
Of all that wealth, and strangely falles;  
For euery thing his sprite appalles;  
His Sonnes decease, his Countries losse;  
And his owne State which huge stormes tosse:  
Thus he, who could not apprehend,  
Whilst as he slept in marble walles,  
No, nor imagine any crosse,  
To beare all those, his breast must lend:  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*And we the Lydians that design'd  
To raigne ouer all that were about vs,  
Behold how Fortune too doth flout vs,  
And hath vs vitterly resign'd:  
For we that had t'our selues assign'd  
A Monarchie, but knew not how,  
Yet thought to make the world to bow,  
That at our forces stood afraid;*

*We,*

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*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*  
*We, we, by whom these plots were laid,*  
*To thinke of bondage must descend,*  
*And beare the yoke of others now ;*  
*O it is truth, that Solon said,*  
*While as he yet doth breath extend,*  
*No man is blest, behold the end.*

FINIS.      W. A.



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